

The Saturday Review

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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

We have nothing but feelings of friendship for the Italians, who are perhaps the cleverest engineers and political economists in the modern world. But we recommend some of our newspaper writers, who gush about a war for the ideal of self-determination, to glance at the Treaty signed in London on 26th April, 1915, by "Grey, Cambon, Imperiali, and Benckendorf." The war was going badly then; and it will be seen that Italy extracted from England, France, and Russia, very large territorial annexations in addition to the Tyrol, the Trentino, and Trieste, viz., Dalmatia, the Dodekanese, the gulf of Valona, a share in the Adalian district of Asia Minor, and other districts too numerous to set forth here. The fact that Russia has withdrawn from the Entente ought, we think, to be a good argument for the modification of the Treaty.

The spectacle of England, France and America at the feet of Italy imploring her to be reasonable is comical enough, and only shows the folly of trying to settle all the affairs of Europe in one treaty, instead of dealing with the Powers separately. For Fiume has nothing to do with Germany. President Wilson is right about Fiume: "it is not in the bond." The treaty, which Mr. Wilson insists on calling "the pact," of London, 1915, assigned Fiume to Croatia, and was right in so doing, as it is the only port for Czecho-Slovakia, and Austria, Hungary, etc. Italy's demands are the more exasperating because if it had not been for British coal and money and British and French troops and ships, Italy would have been forced to make a peace with Austria, which certainly would not have given her Fiume, and probably not Gorizia and Trieste. Besides, Italy has already secured the Dodekanese islands, and the Adalia district, one of the plums of Asia Minor.

The preliminary peace treaty, like the horizon, recedes as we advance. Now it appears that there is little chance of its being ready before the end of the month. The German delegates are surely entitled to a few days in which to study a document that has taken the ablest brains in England, France, America, and Italy five months to draft. There is a pathetic confidence in the mind of the ordinary man that everything will be settled when once the peace treaty is signed. A chorus of grumblers in a third-class carriage the other day were silenced by an unknown sage,

who observed, "all these things will be put right when once peace is signed." But the treaty is only preliminary, and it is only peace with Germany. Supposing the Germans sign it, there remain treaties of peace to be made with Turkey, Austria, Bulgaria, and Hungary, not to mention a few unconsidered trifles like Russia, Poland, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, whose affairs have to be arranged.

To prevent further disappointment about the signing of peace it is well to recall the dates of 1870-1, when the parts of Germany and France were reversed. On 19th July, 1870, France declared war on Germany. On 2nd September the Emperor of the French surrendered with his army at Sedan. Then followed the occupation of Eastern France and the siege of Paris. On the 28th January, 1871, a Convention of armistice was signed at Versailles. On the 26th February, 1871, a preliminary treaty of peace was signed at Versailles. The Definitive Treaty of Peace was signed at Frankfurt on 10th May, 1871. Thus a month elapsed between the armistice and the preliminary treaty, and ten weeks between the preliminary and final treaties of peace. The capital blunder in the present case has been the allowing nearly six months to intervene between the armistice and the preliminary treaty of peace. Had the Allies taken Germany by itself first, and then dealt with the other enemy Powers, much time would have been saved. But President Wilson was bent on re-settling the whole of Europe on an idealist basis.

On the east bank of the Rhine there exists "a sort of a kind of a war" (as Lord Halsbury would say) in almost every country in Europe. The Soviet Government in Munich appears to have been crushed by the appearance of troops from Berlin, sent by Ebert and Scheidemann. But there is a Soviet Government in Hungary, which has declared war upon Roumania, and Czecho-Slovakia. There is a delectable person in Vienna called Benzek who said to Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer, "By September we shall have exterminated all the bourgeoisie in the world!" Every country seems anxious to be "occupied" by Entente troops, and if the Americans depart we are afraid Mr. Churchill's army will not be nearly large enough, as we don't fancy that the French and Italians will contribute many soldiers.

The German Government has appointed six plenipotentiaries to "negotiate" preliminary terms of peace, and it would be unreasonable to refuse them

every facility for communicating with the Cabinet in Berlin. It must be remembered that the Germans will see for the first time the voluminous document which Messrs. Wilson, George and Clemenceau have been poring over for months. The obvious game of the Germans is to gain time and spin out negotiations, in the hope that the Entente Powers will be obliged by their democracies to withdraw their armies. We must not allow them to do that, but we repeat what we wrote in our issue of the 12th inst. that the choice lies between the political and commercial rehabilitation of a middle-class Germany, and handing Central Europe over to Bolshevism. We have no faith in Paderewski and Pachich as bulwarks against Bolshevism: Lenin and Trotsky are too many for them.

We are told that if Italy does not get her pound of flesh she will withdraw from the Conference. With the greatest respect to the Italians, does it matter much if they do withdraw? With England and France alienated, and America disapproving, the position of Italy in Europe would be one of uncomfortable, not to say dangerous, isolation. If Italy were to try and take what she wanted, she might find the Turks, the Serbs, and the Czecho-Slavs very awkward customers, who are quite capable of carrying on an irregular warfare for years to come. Why should Italy, who came last into the war, be the only Power to suffer no disappointment at the peace table? France and Belgium and Britain are all about to suffer great disappointment, for, as those familiar with history know, all treaties of peace are disappointing in their immediate and future results.

Mr. Lloyd George has undoubtedly increased his popularity in the House of Commons and the country by his defiance of Lord Northcliffe, who is disliked because he tries to exercise power without responsibility. There is something particularly mean about a man who, having a seat in the Legislature, will not meet his enemies face to face, but hires anonymous scribes to attack them. We do not, however, attach much importance to this quarrel between the Premier and the polypapist. "Politicians," as Dryden tells us, "neither love nor hate"; and when it suits the interest of the two men, they will embrace again, and an earldom will do by way of balm. Chatham's celebrated brother-in-law Temple worked his way up to a marquissate by quarrelling. George III. drew the line at a dukedom.

The Select Committee on Expenditure might find it worth while, when their labours at Chepstow and Beachley are finished, to turn their attention to the Imperial Munitions Board, Ottawa, under whose authority merchant ships were built last year for the British Government at Victoria, British Columbia. Long before the ships were completed, engineer officers sent out to Victoria from Cammell Laird's and other British shipbuilding firms to bring the vessels home pointed out to the Superintendent of the yard and to the Naval Officer representing the Admiralty that the plans on which the engines were being constructed were faulty and that the labour employed was unskilled. Repeated protests to this effect were met by the uniform reply that all matters relating to construction had been settled by the Imperial Munitions Board. Even after one of the ships had broken down on trial in a manner which justified the engineers' criticisms, no improvements were made in the plans of the ships still under construction. Once at sea, the engineers' lives became a heart-breaking round of burst boiler tubes and broken-down engines. Material for plugging burst tubes was insufficient. On one occasion steam could not be raised on either boiler for three days, and the ship drifted about in the Pacific out of control. These were ships built to cross the Atlantic in convoy!

The 'War Nootka' and the 'War Songhee' were patched up sufficiently to struggle through the Panama Canal into Kingston Harbour, where repairs were effected and paid for by the British Naval Authorities

there, who promptly forwarded the engineers' and captains' reports to the Admiralty. The Ministry of Shipping sent an engineering representative to Kingston to supervise the repairs and had new boiler tubes forwarded from the States. We should be interested to know whether the original criticisms made by the British engineers while the ships were still under construction were conveyed by the British Naval representative at Victoria to the Admiralty and by the Superintendent of the yard to the Imperial Munitions Board; why these expert views were apparently ignored by the Board; and what steps have been taken by the Admiralty or the Ministry of Shipping to deduct from the price paid for these ships both the thousands of pounds required to be expended before they could cross the Atlantic and the damage suffered by the British Government by reason of their freight-capacity not being available at the time promised.

Lord Eustace Percy fills a column of *The Observer* with thoughts on Unionism. What is Unionism? Lord Eustace is copious and confidential, but distressingly vague, as most people are nowadays. He seems to be feeling his way gingerly to some expansion of a definite party label into an indefinite creed of Socialism, and more than hints that there is some connection between Unionism and unity of social purpose. Unionism, when it was adopted in 1886 by Tories, Whigs and Radicals, meant, positively, the maintenance of the government of Ireland by the House of Commons; and, negatively, resistance to the disintegrating policy of Gladstone and Parnell. If Lord Eustace Percy is a Socialist, let him say so, though it is not, in our opinion, the business of a duke's son. Nothing is to be gained by trying to convert an Orange rosette into a tricolor cockade.

Sentimentalism is the cruellest and most ruinous of all human moods, because it refuses to look ugly facts in the face, but tries to bribe them to go away. Here are three ugly facts which we invite our politicians and social reformers to look in the face. Ugly fact No. 1: we are heavily in debt. Ugly fact No. 2: the only way out of debt is to work more and play less. Ugly fact No. 3: the working classes are determined to play more and work less. The sentimentalists will not look these facts in the face, but try by bribes and doles out of the public purse to forget them, or make them hide themselves, for the time being. The Coal Commissioners got their orders to ensue peace at any price, and they got it at the cost of the consumer. No social readjustments can ever satisfy the demands of men like Messrs. Smillie and Williams, because they are insatiable and incapable of being gratified, being founded on the bottomless passion of envy.

The newspapers are, of course, the greatest sentimentalists, and work up exaggerated and distorted facts about the housing of the miners. By this means a mass of prejudice, sentimentalism, and cupidity is created and called public opinion. But economic facts are stronger in the long run than sentiment or public opinion. Here are three more ugly facts to be faced by the Sankeys and Hornes. 1. If we go on shortening hours and raising wages, to buy off strikes, the cost of production will be so high that all the peoples in the world will undersell us, even the Americans, to whom *ca' canny* is unknown. Our export trade will then disappear. 2. If we go on raising wages and reducing hours, prices must go on rising, and all but the few highly organised trades must starve. Even the organised trades must be ruined, because no one will be able to buy their coal or their steel. 3. If on the top of these things we go on spending hundreds of millions on social reform, betterment will spell bankruptcy.

It is surely as plain as a pikestaff and quite unarguable that the wages paid in any trade or calling must be fixed by the prices at which the commodities produced by that trade or calling are sold. Therefore the

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moment that you fix wages otherwise than by bargain or contract, you must fix prices by the same machinery. The farmers have at length perceived this, and are now demanding, not a maximum price for wheat, which is a limitation of profit, but a minimum price, which is a limitation of loss. At a large meeting of farmers held at Norwich last Saturday, with Sir Eustace Gurney in the chair, a resolution was passed calling upon the Government "to guarantee immediately adequate minimum prices for all classes of farm produce for a number of years." In such conditions it is impossible for the cost of living to fall.

Such is the cruelty of sentimentalism. Sensational articles appear in the press about the lives of the agricultural labourers; and their wages are then fixed by Act of Parliament, or Order in Council, in defiance of the market rates for labour. As a consequence very many people in straitened circumstances, with incomes or wages that cannot be raised by agitation or press paragraphs or political wire-pulling, will suffer great privation, and in some cases will have to seek poor-law relief, or, as it is now called, public assistance. The change of name, a silly concession to democratic ideas, does not change the fact. People in receipt of public assistance are living on the public. So that while the Government or the State gives with the right hand to the agricultural labourer, it is obliged to give with the left hand to the victims of its own policy. This comes of substituting sentiment for science in the art of government.

The worst instance of official tyranny and insolent negligence is perhaps to be found in the Claims Abatement Branch of the Inland Revenue. The income-tax officials are peremptory enough in demanding *your* money. When it is a case of *paying* income-tax, you are told in the curtest of little pieces of blue that unless you pay in "ten days" or "three days" you will be summoned and fined. But when it is a case of *getting back* from the income-tax officials money which they are retaining in defiance of the law, you are involved in a correspondence that sometimes drags over a twelve-month, the Claims Abatement Branch returning answers on unsigned scraps of paper. The officials hope to tire you out, and often they succeed. The new Chairman of the Board, Mr. Warren Fisher, appears to be quite as regular in the neglect of his duty as his predecessor.

It is pleasant to learn that the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia and the Grand Duke Nicolas and other members of the Imperial family have succeeded at last in escaping from the den of wild beasts, and are safely on board a British man-of-war. Presumably they will be brought to these shores, or to Denmark. The least that England can do for them will be to afford them a courteous and comfortable asylum, after the insult of the parliamentary message of congratulation to Keren-ski, an indelible stain on the reputation of Mr. Lloyd George and the House of Commons. There are some who believe that in "the other members of the Imperial family" are included the Tsar and his family, who, it is whispered, have not been killed. Let us hope it may be so. There is a Grand Duke in Paris who refuses to put on mourning.

Pelman has started a new, and we admit ingenious, system of advertisement. Sir Harry Johnston writes an article on "What shall we do with Africa?" a question which he is as competent as any man to answer. Mr. Robert Loraine writes an article, "Where is our 20th Century Shakespeare?" an interesting problem which he is well qualified to discuss. Sir O'Moore Creagh asks, "Must we prepare for another war?" on which a distinguished soldier's views deserve attention. Mr. W. L. George, a successful novelist and, "life-long feminist agitator," wants to know "How can woman grasp her future?" Into each of these articles are spatch-cocked some six lines of recommendation of Pelman's system, on which none of these

men are qualified to write, not having gone through it. What we ask Sir Harry Johnston, Mr. Loraine, Mr. W. L. George, and Sir O'Moore Creagh is, were they paid for writing these six lines? And if they were, we ask *The Times* whether these are not "paid advertisements masquerading as opinions?"

Major Wood and his pilot who set off to fly to America fell into the sea near Anglesea, and were rescued by a gun-boat. In the shocking accident near Andover two officers and three N.C.O.s were burnt to death. A celebrated French airman, Vedrines, has been killed. All these calamities happening in a week are calculated to damp the ardour of those civilians who are in such a hurry to avail themselves of this new means of locomotion. Aviation is still in its infancy, and there were a great many accidents when railways were started. Huskisson, President of the Board of Trade in Canning's Cabinet, and Colonial Secretary in Lord Goderich's, was crushed to death by an engine when attending the opening of the new Liverpool and Manchester line, and while talking to the Duke of Wellington. Cautious people will wait a bit before mounting in the air; but the passion for rapid locomotion is unquenchable in the human breast.

One of the sweetest and stateliest of London suburbs is Roehampton, with its leafy lane, and its Queen Anne houses and Georgian villas spreading their gardens towards Richmond Park. It is doomed, and about to be swept away by the advancing tide of barbarism. The London County Council has marked it for its own, and, having bought the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan's villa, is about to turn it into a town-planned "wen" of artisans' dwellings. This will, of course, ruin the neighbourhood as regards beauty and the amenity of repose. But what have beauty and amenity got to do with Dr. Addison, and the Webbs, and the rest of the Reconstruction busybodies? We wish that the Labour Ministry, which turns out a new Committee every day, would appoint one, if only an advisory one, to consider the preservation of Beauty and Repose.

After the men of practice the men of theory. The first sittings of the Coal Commission being concerned with wages and hours, the witnesses were men actually engaged in the coal trade. On Wednesday the Commission opened its inquiry into the nationalisation of mines by hearing the opinions of Professor A. C. Pigou and Professor Sir William Ashley. We are far from undervaluing the views of theorists on a question which is partly speculative, being a mixed subject of politics and economy. Truth is a balance, or mean, between theory and practice. We are glad to learn that the advocates of unification prefer nationalisation to syndicalism, that is, they think State officials would manage the business better than groups of workmen. The royalty-owners, warned by the bullying injustice with which the colliery owners were treated, applied to be represented by counsel in the person of Mr. Leslie Scott.

The sale of the *Field* to Mr. Walter Runciman and a few Newcastle friends recalls one of the romances of Fleet Street. Sergeant Cox entered the newspaper world with little knowledge, and his ventures, which were struggling when he bought them, continued in that condition for some time. So great was the struggle, indeed, that he decided to abandon his speculation more than once, and would have done so, had he not discovered Mr. Crockford, whose name is preserved to posterity in "Crockford's Clerical Directory." Crockford piloted the *Field* to smooth waters, but he did not live to share the reward. By intuition, however, Sergeant Cox discovered a second builder of fortune, leaving his newspaper properties for the benefit of his heirs under the care of a cousin, a clerk in a subordinate position in the firm. It was this young man, Horace Cox, who built the successful publishing business which bore his name, found the sporting journalists who created the *Field* of the 'eighties. Horace Cox survived the staff of his creation, and died only a few months ago at Eastbourne.

THE WANING OF MR. WILSON.

EARLY next month—as matters now stand—America's twenty-seventh President hopes to put his signature to the Treaty of Peace, and sail the following day from Brest on the George Washington. We have not seen it noted, by the way, that this vessel was formerly the pride of the Norddeutscher Lloyd of Bremen, specially built to impress and conciliate America.

Beyond question, Mr. Wilson will return a sadder and wiser man, having fallen from great heights of popularity since the "acid test" of reality was applied, both at home and abroad, to what Italy called the *Wilsoneggiare* in the first surge of her enthusiastic greeting. Was it not a force that would re-make our old, war-weary world, filling expectant maws and outstretched hands impartially, from Sinn-Fein to the new Republic of Ararat? Messrs. Eamonn de Valera and Anetis Aharonian made haste to greet their brother President. They also left with him a statement of claims, nicely attuned to the Wilsonian passion for "the plain people everywhere."

One of these days, an historian with a sense of humour will describe for us the long Paris ordeal of President Wilson, before an onset of democracy that might well have staggered Thomas Jefferson himself. Not in single spies came the unofficial delegates to their American saviour, but in battalions—in divisions and army-corps; a babel of clamour and confident hope: "Each common bush shall Syrian roses bear."

Transported with exuberance, the Italian journalists were for striking 1919 out of the calendar, and replacing it with "Year One of the World's New Life"; such was the wondrous promise of the *Wilsoneggiare*. Chilly Paris was soon aglow with colour and outlandish garb, even as Los Angeles is—the seat and centre of America's moving picture industry on the Pacific Coast.

Korea called at the Wilson hotel. So did Egypt and the Ukraine, with Lithuania and Lettland behind them, and Albania, Montenegro and Bessarabia in the hopeful queue. Here were Schlesingers and Aalanders; Rumans of Transylvania, Bengalis and even negroes of the Pan-African Congress. All these, and many more, turned their eyes up to the President's pavilion. They importuned him, as Buckingham did the evasive Richard:—

"Thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation
I am not in the giving vein to-day."

Both Mr. Wilson and our own Premier soon had a surfeit of the small nations. So much so, that both of them issued warnings. The Poles were killing Jews in Narsaw and Lemberg, as well as warring in all directions. The Croatian Peasants' Party were reminding the President how Congress welcomed Louis Kossuth, and how Dan Webster, Mr. Lansing's predecessor at the State Department, offered to defend Liberty "against a world in arms."

It was high time to pour drops of cooling on this skipping spirit, and this Mr. Wilson did with the inevitable result.

Prince Max of Baden declared, with perfect truth, that America knows little or nothing of the complex racial and political problems of Europe. She has begun to learn, however. Her President grew shy of interviews, and left letters from Dublin unanswered. "Justice and Right are big things," he told Italy's pressmen gravely, at the Quirinal. "And in these circumstances they are big with difficulty."

They seemed so simple on the other side of that 3,000-mile moat, where a hundred races forswear allegiance to Kings and Princes, and begin a new life in a Land of Opportunity, where a barefooted farmer's boy, like Frank Woolworth, can pile up a fortune of £12,000,000 and leave behind him a 54-storey skyscraper on Lower Broadway to perpetuate his name.

Il mondo non si mette in un paniero—not even in America's basket that soars as though it were hauled by a balloon.

President Wilson developed "scruples" about those German indemnities; he grew alarmed over the pas-

sionate purpose of France in the matter of her frontier security and reparation. Hence those mutinous tears in the Paris papers, and the hushing of hosannas on the palm-strewn way of the American redeemer.

Stranger still is his loss of prestige at home, where a Republican Senate makes political football of the League, and Chairman W. H. Hays declares that the 1920 campaign is to be fought on the issue of "indefinite internationalism." Both Houses of Congress mistrust the Wilson drift; and their anxiety is undoubtedly shared by large sections of ill-informed people in a land as large as Europe.

The President's errors in Mexico are recalled; and to-day conditions south of the Border are worse than ever. Then for a hundred years America has dreaded and disliked a "one-man Government"; the Constitution was specially drawn by the Fathers to guard against it. Mr. Wilson is well aware of the growth of Presidential powers, since Lincoln played the Despot in a great national crisis.

And now a democratic Senator, like Mr. Reed of Missouri, goes stumping the country saying: "We object to the *I* in the Wilson Ideals"—*Et tu Brute!* Washington smiles over the caustic telegram sent to the Chief Executive in Paris! "If you don't come home soon, people here will set up a republic!" There is keen resentment over Mr. Wilson's alleged flouting of the Senate, also over the "secret diplomacy" which he so often denounced in Addresses to Congress, and in the historical works he has written.

It was hoped he would take the country into his confidence when he paid that flying visit to Washington and that he would speak from the car-end, as Mr. Roosevelt did in continental train-journeys from ocean to ocean. Mr. Wilson did no such thing. He made one speech, scathing his critics for "a doctrine of careful selfishness," and warning America that, "it would be fatal for us not to help the world." Then he gave a dinner to his leading inquisitors—at the White House. Some of the guests absented themselves ostentatiously; those who accepted got little satisfaction out of the autocratic Chief.

He sailed away again, arriving in Paris to find a very "bad press," with the Rappel "pushing the President's generous impulses to their logical conclusion—and handing America back to the Red Indians!"

Now what underlies this ebbing of his power at home and in Europe? It is the fact of New World reluctance, and the old hatred of War which the First President—himself a soldier, flattered, and presented with a sword by Frederick the Great—expressed in 1788. "It is really a strange thing," Washington mused, "that there should not be room enough in the world for men to live, without cutting each other's throats."

It is President Wilson's aim—a quite impossible aim—to sign a treaty which shall leave no nation, great or small, under the smart of grievance. He is far more interested in international disarmament than in measures of security, since these, he fears, may fan the smouldering embers of quenched hope and anger. He is, indeed, in danger of falling between the "prudent defence," which even Washington urged, and his own aversion from turning America into "an armed camp."

Mr. Wilson blows hot and cold, because his 110,000,000 "composite and cosmopolitan people" are in a transition stage well aware of national dangers, yet also intent upon exploiting the prosperity they see ahead. The President has declared for "incomparably the greatest Navy in the world," seeing that America has 21,000 miles of coast-line to defend, and an export trade which now reaches the vast total of £1,500,000,000. And next year will see the U.S. mercantile marine with 16,000,000 tons of shipping.

Yet Mr. Wilson sends Naval Secretary Daniels to London, not only to obtain practical lessons from the Mistress of the Seas, but also to inquire how far new construction may be cut down, in view of the future operations of the League. Congress has already begun to trim the Service Estimates in the traditional way.

On the whole, then, it is safe to say that the exit from the European stage of this great protagonist of Peace will lack all the elements of fervour which greeted

his entry last January, when the masses everywhere fondly imagined that the George Washington was bringing a Utopian order to an Old World collapsed in chaos and tears.

But if no music of triumph plays the President away from Brest, a discordant jazz surely awaits him on the other side. We are irresistibly reminded of Plato's great parable of the Cave, from which a few dwellers escaped for a while into the real world outside, only to return to perpetual twilight, and an embarrassing difference of vision from that of the denizens of obscurity. Whether this difference can be reconciled, it is yet too early to say.

THE "WAGE SLAVE" AND THE TIP.

PUNCH had an amusing picture the other day in which an irate commissioner was shown bidding a hotel visitor on the point of departure to "hurry up" with his tip, as he couldn't "wait about all night." But even this was not more delightfully comic (though a good deal nearer the reality of things) than the recent solemn recommendation of our new "Labour" daily to the Waiters' Unions to end the "tyranny of tipping" altogether, and its equally solemn assurance that the Taxi-drivers' Union "would welcome steps in this direction," a pleasant fancy which could only be adequately treated in a cartoon by Mr. Max Beerbohm.

Such visionary idealism certainly lifts us above the sordid level of the actual, and transports us to celestial realms where Ganymede is satisfied with a minimum wage and Phaethon never dreams of looking for more than the amount registered on the meter. In the world as we know it these engaging creatures have not yet emerged—and, truth to tell, we should be considerably embarrassed, not to say, suspicious, if they had. It will be a black prospect for some of us on the day the waiter and the cabman, the hall porter and the courier refuse a tip. Something vital will have snapped in the mechanism of social relationships. Something solid and, in a sense, wholesome will have dropped out of the ordered scheme of existence, and we shall be entering on an era of the uncanny, which, if one may say so, without levity, would be worse than "cannibals." To parody Lamb about the fool, we are inclined to think that the hotel *attaché*, especially, who has not a dram of flunkeyism in his mixture, has pounds of much worse matter in his composition—Bolshevism perhaps.

As yet, however, we do not discern any overwhelming tendency on the part of our "service" workers to "end the tyranny of tipping," nor is there any substantial reason for supposing that they "would welcome steps in this direction." The periodical ferment in the waiters' world is due not to any rooted objection to receiving tips, but to the alleged unfair distribution of the "pool." This may be a quite legitimate grievance. But what is so aggravating is the fact that, while the demands for higher wages and fewer hours remain unabated among all classes of so-called wage-slaves, the "expectations" in regard to the *pourboire* are, if anything, greater than ever. Take our coalman, for example. Last week he delivered a ton, and was rewarded with a shilling. Looking it all over, on both sides and round the edge, he exclaimed ruefully, "Another bob; always the same; never more than a bloomin' bob!" He was asked what his wages were, and replied, "Four quid—and worth it!"—which no doubt it is. How many tons a day did he deliver? On an average, six—which brought his weekly takings up to nearly six pounds; in all probability considerably more than the income of many of the householders upon whom he waits. In the old days that coalheaver thought himself lucky if he got threepence. The point is, however, that his great advance in wages and his improved conditions of employment have not made him less inclined to prey on the general public—who, incidentally have been fleeced pretty well in the price of their coal, without being intimidated by the man who brings it. The carter's notion of the tip was simply

that it should ascend in the ascending scale of prices and wages.

Then there is that highly "class-conscious" craftsman, the hairdresser. He had a strike for more pay and "improved social status," and all the rest of it; and we really imagined in our innocence that, now the assistant had forced his boss to give him higher wages and as the boss had—inevitably—passed this increased cost on to the customer, our proffered tip would be declined—or that we should get just as much attention next time, if we never proffered it at all. But the more wages change, the more the workman is the same thing. The only difference noticeable in the barber is that he now quite arrogantly assumes that the tip will be raised in proportion to the rise in the charge for his services!

It was that great philosopher, Mr. Dooley, who said that he never gave a tip in a restaurant, because he wanted to, but because he was afraid of what the waiter might say to him, if he didn't. This is doubtless the secret, propelling force behind nearly all tips, except those which are bestowed beforehand in order to secure preferential treatment for the donor. It is unwise to ignore the social psychology of the question. So long as there endure certain human arrangements by which it becomes necessary, in whatsoever scheme of society, for some to confer personal services on others, as attendants, waiters, dressers, etc., so long will the tip be regarded as a natural supplement to the wage.

And, in spite of "proletarian" journalism, it must be confessed that the traditional tip-receiving callings are showing no disposition to relinquish their time-honoured privileges. There may be an ineradicable feeling among these classes that, if they ended the "tyranny of tipping" of their own free will, and pressed for a higher standard of wages instead, the wages might be reduced after the public had, so to speak, been educated out of the practice. This fear we believe to be largely illusory—and, in any case, we would back the insinuating beguilements of wealth against the strongest Trade Union principles that could be devised. Besides, at times there is something really satisfying and gratifying about a good waiter, an anticipatory steward aboard ship, a "soothing" shampooer, an intelligent bath attendant—or even about a surly-faced taxi-man who, nevertheless, *does* get us to the station in time—which seems as though it *ought* to be specially rewarded.

But that is no reason why we should go out of our way to debauch the coalman and the dustman, etc. The postman should no more be led to expect an annual tip for delivering letters than the policeman (with infinitely more personal risk) is for regulating traffic or looking after burglars. These worthies have their "utility" duties to perform as servants either of the State or the municipality, and any suggestion of tipping should be sternly and steadily discouraged. But it is the manual labourer who has grown the most rapacious in this respect lately. His appetite for tips has increased with every advance in wages, and, because a pot of beer now costs four times as much as it did, he blandly expects his tip to be in proportion. Will the railway porters, with their minimum wage, war bonuses, etc., also expect 50 per cent. to be added to their *pourboires*, just as 50 per cent. has been added to the price of our ticket to help pay their wages? Probably. We shall not be the least surprised if we are told by the man who wheels our luggage down the platform on the railway excursion, to "hurry up" with our tip, as he can't "wait about all day."

CYRANO DE BERGERAC IN PARIS AND IN LONDON.

THAT Cyrano de Bergerac, as a naturalised Englishman, should have caught the fancy of the London public, is one of those quaint surprises which fill with dismay all those persons whose business it is to speculate on the vagaries of public taste. Mr. Robert Loraine's success at the Garrick Theatre seems at first

sight quite against the nature of things. Rostand's Cyrano, deprived of his alexandrines, baulked of his superb rhetoric, which only a French audience knows how to punctuate with involuntary applause, removed from the eyes of a public which admires the extravagant gesture and the verbal flourish, rises superior to all his misfortunes and is able to flaunt himself successfully in an alien land and a foreign tongue. By a happy chance it was possible last week to see Cyrano at the Porte Saint Martin in Paris, and to behold him again at the Garrick Theatre in London within thirty-six hours. At the Porte Saint Martin you would have sworn that Cyrano was the last person in the world to cross the Channel alive. Listening to those wonderful long speeches—speeches typically French in that they contrive to sound almost every rhetorical note within the compass of human expression without once lapsing into commonplace or once soaring into poetry—nothing could be clearer than that Rostand's appeal was the appeal of the orator and that upon this side he was not to be translated into anything less accommodating than ancient Greek. The idea of adapting him for a foreign stage, particularly for an English stage, where except for the solitary intrusion of Mr. Bernard Shaw, rhetoric has been out of fashion for longer than anybody can remember, struck one at the Porte Saint Martin as being too absurd for a moment's consideration. More than any other play of Rostand, more than any other play we know of in the world, 'Cyrano' depends upon its rhetorical appeal. Cyrano is himself a poet—a poet such as the French delight in. We English are inclined to regard him more as a rhetorician than a poet; but for present purposes he may claim the better title. Cyrano is not merely introduced to us as a poet, but, unlike most poets who figure in books, he actually practises his art for our diversion. We are not merely told that he is a poet, but enabled to judge of his quality. We are required to consider his command of language as the principal reason of his being and the actual mainspring of the plot in which he figures. Dramatists and novelists often introduce poets into their compositions, but they rarely venture to show us the products of their genius. Rostand not only shows us the works of Cyrano, but successfully establishes that in this case the style is the man. Clearly when you have a story in which a professing poet finds words in which to woo a woman to the arms of his inarticulate friend, it is really important that his words should have considerable merit. The quality and success of the play depends entirely on the force and felicity of the poet. In the famous third act, Cyrano is a voice in the night, glorying in the unfettered and vital expression of his mood. The scene is justified by sheer literary virtuosity and the virtuosity is so amazingly satisfactory that there seems nothing else worthy of our attention. If Cyrano at the Porte Saint Martin were to falter in the least perceptible degree, it would destroy for him all his necessary prestige, but he is as note perfect as a pianist fresh from the academies. We can only feel how satisfactory it would be to have such an interpreter for our *crises du cœur*.

With all this quite clearly in mind we enter the Garrick Theatre in some considerable trepidation; and in one respect our fears are justified. It was, of course, impossible to find our English Rostand. He is not at all our sort of poet or man of letters. But surely it would have been possible to get somebody to produce a reasonably good translation, preferably a good prose translation, since French rhetorical verse goes better into English prose than into English verse. The translation in use at the Garrick is in the sort of English made familiar by Mr. Louis Parker. That Mr. Robert Loraine is able to deal with it at all successfully, is a tribute to his rhetorical force. It is amazing how his ardour, conviction and fluency disguise the extent to which the English adapters of Cyrano at the Garrick have divested their original of all its literary grace and impetuosity. To disguise the fact entirely, is beyond even his sleight of speech, and we are soon writing off as depreciation in transit the qualities in Cyrano which seemed most obvious and necessary at the Porte Saint Martin.

Then what, you will ask, remains? Two things remain which suffice to explain the success of the English version. We do not notice them at the Porte Saint Martin, because there we have something better, something inimitably Rostand and irreproachably French. At the Garrick, however, we perceive that, after the appeal of a poet, writing a poet's play, is wholly discounted, there remains first, a very skilful and piquant presentation of the romantic tradition of chivalrous love and second, a play which has been constructed by a master of all the most ancient and infallible devices of the theatre from its earliest days.

It is curious to see Mr. Loraine, the exponent of Mr. Shaw, in a play which perpetuates all the features of a romantic tradition against which his former master turned all the weapons at his command. Consider that last act with the falling leaves and the organ music, and Cyrano, in defiance of all sense and justice, tenderly cherishing the illusion of his lady in regard to her dead lover. What a mastery of sentiment and dramatic circumstance is here displayed! And how utterly ridiculous it all is from every point of view but that of the incorrigible romancer! We realise that the romantic tradition here presented corresponds with something too deep to be disturbed by the fleeing rationalists of a society which has, so it claims, outgrown the need in response to which romance arose to temper the brutality of social fact with the comeliness of chivalrous fiction. Let Mr. Shaw be as dithyrambic as he pleases concerning the "life force." Let our realists proclaim as often as they desire that man is by nature polygamous and ideal love a psychological fiction. We shall continue, nevertheless, to believe that there is more in the pleading of Cyrano beneath the balcony than in the embrace which he wins for his inarticulate friend.

On the top of this romantic tradition, which still survives triumphantly the whips and scorns of all the social philosophers, Rostand gives us a series of situations, tirades, and sentimental commonplaces sure at all times of their theatrical effect. The famous duel of the first act is in the most approved Dumas tradition; the chivalrous retirement of Cyrano in favour of his handsome rival and the perpetual nobility of his gesture of renunciation are the favourite theme of every generation of playwrights; the succession of tirades is a proof, if proof were needed, that long speeches, when the occasion calls for them, are among the most popular institutions of the theatre. Long speeches have gone out of fashion on the English stage. There was once a time when the heroine or hero was always expected to deliver an harangue, and it was always the harangue which brought the house down. This is still recognised by the writers of popular melodrama, whose dramatic personages still speak directly to the gallery of the virtues of patriotism, the value of honesty, the redeeming powers of devotion, the hatefulness of villainy and vice. 'Cyrano' is full of harangues which do not necessarily fail of their theatrical effect because they are delivered in impossible English. Rostand, in fact, is not only Rostand—the author of plays which have won the suffrage of the educated. He is also a master of theatrical craft, who can command the applause of the simplest among his audience. Here he resembles Shakespeare, whose 'Hamlet,' quite apart from all that it means to the civilised world, is also a superlatively good melodrama which never fails to hold the unsophisticated.

And thus it happens that 'Cyrano' in London holds us by virtue of qualities which we were well able to dispense with at the Porte Saint Martin; also a little by virtue of Mr. Loraine's participation in the enterprise. Allusion has already been made to Mr. Loraine's rhetorical gift. He is able to "go on talking"—a habit which he originally learned from John Tanner, whose way it was to "go on talking" to an extent never before encountered upon an English stage. 'Cyrano' in Paris holds us as a poet's play—the play of a virtuoso in words, presenting us with a master of his own art in a story expressly designed to show him to advantage. 'Cyrano' in London holds us as a romantic story, told by a master of theatrical craft and

presented by an actor who can carry us with him by the exuberance of his delight in pouring forth platoons and companies of words and phrases.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA PLANS.

AT the best of times the dingy, grimy exterior of the old opera house in Bow Street affords no indication of the brilliant scenes and gay doings that are being enacted within its walls. During the long *clôture* which is about to end it has looked, if possible, dingier than ever, and a present glance in passing would never betray the fact that the war furniture has all been carted away, the scenery restored to the scene-docks, the dust and dirt removed, and the salient ornamentation of the auditorium revived with the aid of soap or paint, paper or gilding. Until we had passed beneath its portals one day last week, for the first time in nearly five years, we had not realised that the re-transformation of the familiar interior could be worked so swiftly or as thoroughly. Carpets were actually being laid, rows of stalls fixed; nay, even signs of musical activity were perceptible in the form of distant female voices rehearsing a chorus from one of the new operas. The old place was beginning to look and sound like its former self.

With a re-opening fixed for May 5th some such evidence of preparedness was indeed imperative. Nevertheless, four months only have had to suffice for a task that generally takes eight, without making allowance for having, so to speak, to clear the ground, provide new material, and start the whole thing afresh. The claim for recognition of this point, as urged by the managing director of the Grand Opera Syndicate, seems to us extremely fair.

Mr. H. V. Higgins's experience in operatic administration is quite without parallel to-day; it dates from his unofficial association with Sir Augustus Harris at Covent Garden in 1888—the same year, by the way, that Mme. Melba made her début at the house where she is shortly to open the season in 'La Bohème.' He wonders whether people who feel inclined to criticize the personnel of his company, the absence of certain names and the presence of others, are altogether aware of the nature of the undertaking and the conditions that four blank seasons and a long war have imposed. He reminds one that Opera "on the grand scale" is harder than ever to carry on: "Everything costs more, yet we cannot charge higher prices (bar the Entertainment Tax), and for Saturday nights we are even making an experiment at reduced rates. Naturally, bigger salaries have to be paid, especially to the rank and file, who need them. Absurdly enough, the "stars" also want more, but they cannot get it; it is a case of yea or nay for them. What can we do when the prices of costumes, accessories, and running expenses generally have doubled or trebled? The margin for avoiding loss has sensibly diminished, and the State subsidy is still a thing unknown to us."

To arguments such as these there is no answer. Therefore must the world be prepared to make allowances and, we suppose, be thankful that there is going to be opera at Covent Garden at all, this year. For the same reasons it is futile to complain because the lists of artists (why "artistes?") printed in the preliminary prospectus does not include every singer whom America has endowed with a new reputation, or certain worthy names that were popular before the war. It may be regarded as more than probable that several in the latter category no longer represent voices either fresh or strong enough to be acceptable to the London public. We agree with Mr. Higgins that at such a moment a good deal has to be taken on trust. The available talent cannot be put to the test as it usually is, and it may prove more profitable in the end to accept newcomers on the recommendation of experts abroad than to engage expensive veterans who have seen their day. It is a disappointment to find that the gifted Italian conductor, Toscanini, is not coming, but the fault is his alone. You cannot with safety engage a man who wants to stipulate that any member of the company of whom he does not approve shall forthwith

be discharged. However, Signor Mugnone is a good *chef-d'orchestre*, and the duties of the post will be shared by him with Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Percy Pitt.

Apart from Mme. Melba (whose voice is said to be retaining its bright, silvery tone in a remarkable degree), there are many familiar names in the list tentatively put forward, and only four that are absolutely new, viz., Mlle. Marguerite Sheridan (a prima donna from Rome), Mlle. Leila Megane (a contralto), and MM. Anseau, Thomas Burke, and Alessandro Dolci (tenors). Of these Mr. Burke will, together with M. André Gilly and M. Malatesta, appear with Mme. Melba in 'La Bohème' on the opening night. Even now Puccini threatens to be once more the favourite composer of the season, seven of his operas being promised, including the three one-act novelties, 'Il Tabarro,' 'Suor Angelica' and 'Gianni Schicci'—to be performed on one evening and in this order. Mme. Edvina will make her *rentrée* early in 'La Tosca,' with Signor Capuzzo as Cavaradossi and M. Robert Couzinou as Scarpia; later on she will sing in Massenet's 'Manon' with M. Anseau as Des Grieux. On May 25th Mme. Destinnova is expected back in 'Madama Butterfly,' by which time, we hope, she will have decided to revert to the old way of spelling her "honourable" name. About then, too, the excellent tenor, Martinelli, will re-appear in 'Aida,' while the 'Rigoletto' cast is to comprise Mme. Borghi-Zerni, M. Couzinou, Mr. Burke, and M. Huberdeau. The most important Verdi item, however, will be 'Simone Boccanegra,' an opera first given at Venice in 1857, then rewritten for La Scala in 1881, with a revised libretto by Boito, in which form it was sung with success by Tamagno, Maurel, Edouard de Reszke, and Mme. D'Angeri. It has never been heard here. The production of Massenet's 'Thérèse,' of Mascagni's 'Iris,' and of Mr. Isidore de Lara's opera 'Nail' (to be sung in English), should also prove interesting.

The orchestra, we may add, will be virtually a new one; that is to say, it will include many fresh players in addition to a numerous sprinkling of Sir Thomas Beecham's men. The chorus likewise is to consist largely of "young blood," whereof the women (three-fourths of them of British birth), have been rehearsing steadily for some weeks. An Italian chorus will also be imported for most of the Italian operas; French and Belgian singers will take part in the French operas; while the whole will co-operate in certain spectacular works. It may not be a novel disposition of forces, but it is the only practical one.

THE SERIO.

(By a Philistine.)

THE other day the honoured name of Miss Kate Carney took me to the Palladium. "Kate," I said to myself, "is in the tradition." Together with Miss Florrie Forde, she carries on the line of serios that dominated the music-hall stage during its development from the public-house concert-room to the variety theatre of the present time. Her 'Bill Bailey,' with its moving appeal:—

"Won't you come home?"

I know I've done you wro-ong."

was essentially a song of primitive sentiment. Better still was the well-remembered:—

"Are we to part like this, Bill, are we to part this way?"

Which shall it be, 'er or me? don't be afraid to say." In the serio *genre* too is 'Tipperary,' which Miss Forde was singing a year or two before the war burst upon us, and which, hitting the spirit of the moment, became a national anthem—at least, so the journalists said. It was none the worse for the touch of Americanism in the concluding line, "And my heart's right there." It was with a feeling of pleasant anticipation, therefore, that I betook myself to the Palladium. Could one recover the fine rapture of those distant years when programmes were not regulated by the clock, and Mr. Arthur Roberts could be heard for sixpence? But alas! I had made a mistake, for Miss Carney was not on the bill.

The early and even the later eighties were the great days of the serio. The programmes of that date went in for orotund description. Thus Pat Feeney proclaimed himself as "The Irish Ambassador"; Miss Vesta Tilley—still with us defiant of time—was "the London Idol," and Fred Albert "the Topical Patterer." Though Vance and Macdermott alone were "great," Fred Coyne was "fascinating" and Mackney "inimitable." And no bill was complete that did not include So-and-So (without the "Miss"), Serio. This class of vocalist was, in fact, a British institution. A well-known tavern in York Road had its "Serios' bar"; hard by Poverty Corner, where agents and professionals, who had hardly begun to call themselves "artists," used to make engagements in the open street, and where the fur-coated and bejewelled "lion comique" of one month would shiver in shoddy the next. As viewed within the halls, the serios, when announced by the chairman, revealed themselves as pretty much of one type. Gorgeously arrayed, and massive in form, they strode to the footlights, and hurled deep contralto voices at the front row of the gallery. They stood stock still, but emphasis was punctuated by the waving of a majestic arm. Their themes were home and absence from home; the parting of lovers, the soldier lad in distant climes, the emigrant bidding good-bye to his native shore.

Marie Le Blanc was a serio whose utterances went home to the unsophisticated audiences of that remote epoch. Her dying Tommy warbled with a certain inexactitude of rhyme:—

"Then break the news to mother,
And tell her that I love her."

"They say," he continued:—

"They say there is no other
Can take the place of mother."

a couplet embalmed by Mr. Bernard Shaw in his dramatized version of 'The Admirable Bashville.' But the serio's song attained its pinnacle of popular appreciation in 'The Maid of the Mill,' as rendered, if rightly remembered, by Maggie Brennan. George Gissing's 'In the Year of Jubilee' records that it was the ditty of the festivities of 1887. How the crowds roared its refrain, as they surged along the Strand and up Ludgate Hill to see the illuminations at the Mansion House! It ran:—

"Do not forget me, oh do not leave me;
Think of me sometimes still.
When the morning breaks, and the throstle awakes
Remember the maid of the mill."

The future historian of manners will do well to regard 'The Maid of the Mill' as the most finished example of music-hall pathos. No chorus should be without its thorough flat, dead line, and

Think of me sometimes still
obviously fulfils that requirement. On the other hand, "throstle" gives it just the right poetic touch. Put "blackbird" in its place, and you see the difference at once.

Ten years later, in 1897, the multitudes were vociferating Mr. Gus Elen's

"It's a great big shame, but if she belonged to me,
I'd let her know w'o's w'o."

The change in temper meant much; the serio's was a dying industry. Yet it lingered; for a month or two before her death Nelly Power, feeling unequal to the rollicking lilt of 'La-di-Da' and 'Tiddi-fol-lol,' had recourse to sentiment. In imitation of Charles Surface, she declaimed at the Holborn against the iniquity of putting her father's picture up for sale.

"His simple face, his dear old face;
His loss I ever shall bewail."

The song was rapturously received, and followed by 'Sally in our Alley,' it made an effective exit for a public character who left her mark upon her generation. Some fifty years hence a German commentator on "those English" will unearth 'La-di-da' at the British Museum, and compose a learned excursus on the "penny Pick." It may help his researches to state that it was the "Pickwick," or cheap cigar affected by the impecunious *viveur*, who in 1919 A.D. solaces himself

with Woodbines. In the nineties the managers decided that the halls wanted "tone," and so the ballad-vocalist replaced the serio. Miss Lucy Clarke, a recruit from the concert platform, was an innovator in her way, who brought to the Oxford a well-trained voice, and a repertory marking an advance from the stone age to the age of bronze. The progress since then has been continuous, culminating in the very genuine accomplishment of Miss Ruth Vincent. And who can deny that 'My little grey home in the West,' for example, is an improvement upon

"Kate, Kate Connor
I dote upon her?"

Yes, the serio and the actor in "the legitimate" have both waned. The lady demanded, for one thing, the moral support of the chairman, with the gentle rap of his hammer at her more moving moments; of Henry Cavendish at the "Pav," the rubicund Jennings at the Oxford, Gus Leach, the parting of whose ebony locks had such a fascination for Phil May, at the "Mo," and last, but not least, Henri Clark at the "Met." Last, but not least, because Henri Clark was a capital comic singer, whose 'Member for Tottenham Court Road' made good fun out of the many activities of Sir John Blundell Maple. The times have changed, and though the music halls and the various "Empires" have ceased to be pothousy, one no longer takes one's ease at them. An encore was an encore some twenty years back; the star turn had not to race off elsewhere after two snippet songs, colliding in the wings with his breathless successor. You had as much of Dan Leno as he chose to give you, and Dan was always generous. As things are, one leaves a variety theatre nowadays with rather the feeling that one has attended an imposing, but overloaded, lecture at the Royal Society of Arts.

O, FORTUNATOS NIMIUM.

"The placid pathetic contentment of the masses is not the soil on which Indian nationhood will grow."
The Montagu Report.

A Statesman, landed from the West,
Found India steeped in calm—
With secular indifference blest,
She lay beneath the palm.
'Tis surely very sad, said he,
That folk so poor content should be.

The Ryot—Ah, he liked the name—
His life laborious led;
Till surcease with the sunset came;
And then, oblivion's bed.
It fairly makes me weep, said he,
Such bovine happiness to see.
The fisherman his net cast wide,—
If empty it was drawn,
Pushed out to meet th' incoming tide,
And toiled, and hoped, till morn.
Were those brown people white, said he,
This land in rare "unrest" would be.

They neither read, nor write, nor sum—
Theirs is not life, but death—
At best, in slumber are they dumb,
Though still they draw their breath.
I'll change their listless lethargy
To discontent divine, said he.

He stirred the natives as he spoke—
In Western wisdom proud.
The slumbering hive in wrath awoke—
A puzzled, dangerous crowd.
To one of less dexterity
This were embarrassing, said he.

Awake at last! All malcontent,
With all; with him; with life.
How tiresome—he had merely meant
"Unrest is good," not strife.
From Khyber to Mannargudi,
The devil's loose, I vainly see—
Yet what's the harm of that? said he,
He's but a dark Democracy.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DOGS' BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—My friend Sir Hamar Greenwood is not deficient in courage. He has ventured upon a definition, and he defines cruelty as "unnecessary pain" (see his letter of April 9th to Mr. Stephen Coleridge, published in your issue of Saturday last). I look, therefore, to Sir Hamar to join in a crusade against fox-hunting, for it, certainly, cannot be said that the pain which the sportsman inflicts upon a little animal by hunting it to death is necessary pain. Again, if I shoot a partridge, perhaps only wounding it, and not killing it outright, the pain which I cause to the poor bird is certainly not necessary pain, for there is no necessity that I should shoot at all. And yet, I fear me, Sir Hamar is not unlikely to endeavour to justify both shooting and fox-hunting in the teeth of his own definition!

The fact is, sir, that Sir Hamar's definition will not do. The true definition of "cruelty" is the "unjustifiable infliction of pain." That, of course, leaves it open to discussion in every case whether such pain was, or was not, justifiably inflicted; but this cannot be helped, for it is impossible to settle the question by a definition.

The question, then, arises: Is it justifiable to inflict pain upon a dog in the experimental search for knowledge? And if so, is there any limit to the pain which may be so inflicted, or may it be prolonged and atrocious agony? And here we are brought face to face with the basic question: on what principle can the infliction of experimental pain upon animals be justified? I have often asked that question, but I have never obtained an answer. Let us look round the world and consider "what man has done to man" during the last four years. Is there any crime that man has not committed, any monstrous atrocity or outrage that man has not done to man—and to other animals also—during that period? How has man—himself the only morally cruel animal—demonstrated his right to inflict suffering upon his humbler brethren of the universal kinship in the hope of peradventure saving himself from some measure of pain in the future? If the anthropoid apes, in the course of evolutionary progress, were so intellectually improved as to be able to embark upon "physiology," would the orang-utan be justified in vivisectioning the dog? The answer, I trow, would be that the ape is not worth the sacrifice. But how can it be shown that man, the ape's first cousin, is worth it either?

It has sometimes been said that painful experiments on the so-called "brutes" are justified in the cause of knowledge, for knowledge is the greatest asset in human life. Well, if that be in truth the basis of moral conduct, it is clear that we should be justified in making our vivisectional experiments upon man, and not only justified, but that it would be our duty so to do, for "the proper study of mankind is man," and from the human body we can derive far more knowledge than from the body of "a brute."

But the truth is that many things are better than knowledge. Justice, mercy, and compassion are all better than knowledge. And if man desires to rise above "the ape and the tiger," let him learn to bear suffering rather than seek to escape it through the sufferings of his humbler and helpless kindred, for by such sufferings, so inflicted, humanity itself is greatly injured.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Several of the eminent physiologists who have written in the press against this Bill claim that under the existing legal regulations of vivisection experiments dogs cannot suffer. While this statement will, as other correspondents have shown, bear considerable qualifi-

cation, it is refreshing to find even that amount of respect for human sentiment, as a right of the public conscience, displayed by the irrepressible claimants for the supreme apotheosis of science.

The *Guardian* of April 10th, too, says: "There must be no question of the torture of dogs, and safeguards in this respect will rightly be required."

On the Continent, the scientific torture of animals is unrestricted. Some two years ago a leading English paper, in deprecating the hampering of vivisection experiments in this country, remarked scathingly that "the Germans are not so squeamish." The world has had experience during the late war of the depth of German contempt for humane feeling, and for humanity as a principle.

That the conditions of vivisectioned animals are better in this country is due to the invincible exertions of the much misrepresented and depreciated Miss Frances Power Cobbe, who, for some thirty years, fought like a Titaness for recognition of the rights of the sub-human members of sentient creation against unmitigated tortures in the asserted interests of science.

A hard battle it was under circumstances that would have crushed a less determined spirit, for she had arrayed against her the serried ranks of federated scientific and professional hostility, combined with the ignorance, apathy and indifference of the public in relation to the question. Her initiative, and indomitable energy and determination, gave the impulse to civilised evolution in relation to the rights of animals which has compelled vivisectioners to put some limit to their cruelties, in conformity to British law.

It seems to have been a case of "The hour and the woman," for Miss Cobbe combined the qualities of capacious intellect, courage and resolution in an extraordinary degree. As with Samson, her spirit and power seemed to increase in proportion to the number of Philistines shouting against her. A born leader of women, with nothing of the finicky or lackadaisical, mawkish sentimentalist about her; no vapidity; no shoddy meretriciousness, she was simply a puissant protagonist contending for the realisation of her ideal of humanity to animals.

After all, the position of animals is very pathetic; they cannot speak for themselves, and it is certainly a God-like character whose first impulse is "to shield the humble and subdue the proud."

I am, Sir, yours truly,

26, St. Paul's Road,
Clifton, Bristol.

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

MELMANISM.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I venture to give my tribute of appreciation to the untold and unknown benefits of Melmanism. I am peculiarly fitted to do so, not having gone through the course, my only disadvantage being that I have not received a large cheque for my testimonial; but this, as you will readily admit, is easily rectified.

The great and unusual advantage of this system is that it is quite unnecessary to take the course, the advertisement itself is enough. In one magic half-hour the enchanted reader becomes, not merely oblivious of the past, but intoxicated with the present, even to being seized with a violent attack of the most excruciating hilarity, as unexpected as delightful.

I say unexpected, for with all the literary charm and grace, the exquisite diction, and the absorbing interest of the SATURDAY REVIEW, it has not, up to now, been the cause of uncontrolled and frenzied merriment to its staid and serious readers.

Having, however, once started on a new career, it is to be hoped that it will not be merely a passing phase, but that, perhaps as a result of Melmanism, the Editor may forget the past traditions of the paper, and employ his gift of humour in making the SATURDAY REVIEW a serious rival to *Punch*.

Yours respectfully,

M. CHICHESTER.

April 19th, 1919.

PEACE SETTLEMENT AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The world has been at war for four years, causing devastation unrivalled in history. We are still at war, the fatal armistice having merely suspended operations. Does it not strike most sane minds that Peace is the first necessity of the world, and that, if so, the settlement of its terms ought immediately to engage the statesmen of the nations who have suffered most in the war—Belgium, France and England? I submit this view, even though any project of a League of Nations were sound and practicable. Whether it be so or not shall be presently considered. Meanwhile, it is respectfully submitted that, irrespectively of the soundness of any other scheme or dream, the immediate conclusion of the war by early settlement of the terms of peace claims urgent priority over all other measures.

Why has this urgent necessity been pushed aside? I say it as inoffensively as I can—because an American gentleman, whose personal character is highly respected, but whose administrative experience in matters of world-wide interest would not gain him a secretaryship in an English Department, and who once declared that a nation could be "too proud to fight," and who therefore could have formed no conception of the high claims of honour in the determining features of the question of war or peace, has schemed a dream or dreamed a scheme, which is to land a millennium on the earth earlier than the period apparently assigned to it in much Christian expectation based on the Bible. I am not launching into any speculation on doles. I merely suggest a study of conditions. Now, let us consider whether the dream of a League of Nations—which may lie in another sense—lies within the region of possibilities. To be complete and workable, it requires (1) a virtual legislature to lay down terms equivalent to laws; (2) a Cabinet to supervise the administration of these laws; (3) an army to punish breaches of these laws.

Let us approach the scheme by plainly realising (1) that its realisation depends on the character of the engaging parties, and on the truth; (2) that all true character depends, not on diplomacy, but on moral attainments, not to be secured either by force or by intrigue, and (3) that in the existing condition of the heterogeneous and often antagonistic races of Europe, the memory of whose feuds and wrongs cannot die out to order, it will be either intrigue or force, and not moral suasion, that will dominate conferences called to pre-empt the incubation of the egg of peace, which will be broken into pieces before it can be hatched.

W. C. MADGE.

18, Theatre Road, Calcutta.

MR. WILSON AND CONGRESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your number of March 8th the article 'America and the League' is slightly misleading. You say, Senator Lodge's resolution in opposition to the draft of the League, which President Wilson brought back to America, and which, he gave the American people very decidedly to understand, could not, and would not, be amended, "is backed by 37 Senators, who, it is said, are sufficient, when added to their friends, to constitute the majority of 64 requisite to reject the treaty."

Article II., section 2, of the Constitution provides that the President "shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur."

There are 96 Senators, and it would therefore require the concurrence of 64 Senators to ratify any League of Nations covenant. The 37 Senators pledged against would be sufficient to prevent ratification.

It is unfortunate that the strict and most carefully planned censorship of the cables has prevented any free interchange of ideas and criticism between England, France, and the United States regarding the proposed League.

You say further: "Both M. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George are experienced politicians; they know how easy it is for a demagogue to deceive himself as to the opinions of the dumb majority." As a matter of fact, as you have noted, the majority was not dumb at the November elections, but with admirable prescience elected a majority of Republican Senators to thwart just such manoeuvres as are taking place at Paris.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

Brook Place, Cornish, New Hampshire.

SERBIA AND MONTENEGRO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In view of the aspirations of the Serbian Government for a "Great Serbia" under the title of a Jugo-Slav kingdom, as set forward by their chief exponent, M. Pachitch, the Premier, the declaration of the President of the Serbian Parliament, who represents a party opposed to M. Pachitch, is interesting as demonstrating the truth that the Serbian people, as a whole, are by no means in favour of the absorption of Montenegro and the sister Slav countries.

Quite a considerable number of Serbians, as well as Montenegrins, desire a Jugo-Slav Federation of Free States and the preservation of a close entente with Italy.

With respect to the complaints of the Serbian Premier, there is nothing (even in the exaggerated reports of Italian action in Dalmatia) that the Italians have done that the Serbians have not perpetrated upon their sister State, Montenegro, only ten times worse. The military occupation of Montenegro by Serbian troops is one of the most regrettable incidents of the close of the great war.

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. DEVINE.

Northwood Park, Winchester.

LONDON RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Those who are in raptures over the performances of our splendid railway managers, either as professionals, or as gifted amateurs running the war and the muddle of peace, may think all criticism of our railways out of place. As I see no such reason for silence, I venture a few remarks concerning the railway conditions of London to-day. The fares on the Underground have just been advanced, and I notice that the sum I have to pay for my daily journey would carry me two stations further. Surely I should pay a halfpenny less at least than the people who go two stations beyond me. What is the objection to halfpennies? They are in frequent circulation, and used by every man who buys an ounce of tobacco. If the Underground cannot see the difference between a journey six stations long and another eight stations long, it is about time that its authorities learnt more of their business in detail. If the Underground cannot afford to keep fares as they are, these same authorities who run or retard it should look round for means of saving.

They need not look far. For one thing, they might abolish the silly and ill-observed ritual of clipping tickets, which wastes a lot of labour, and during the War introduced London to a lot of female rudeness and impertinence in both senses of the word. This clipping does not prevent people from swindling, as a recent advertisement of the Company's shows. £777 has been gathered in fines and costs.

They might issue tickets for a definite distance at a definite price, and save the printing of the names of various stations of arrival on them. A ticket bearing, say, "2d. from Leicester Square," could be as easily checked as one with all the stations recorded on it that can be reached for that sum.

The Underground, daily choked with struggling passengers, is yet, I gather, hard up for money. This is a paradox I do not understand, but I seldom go to the City. As it is so, I wonder why the Underground

can afford fantastic maps, pictures and posters, with remarks by Marcus Aurelius, impossible flowers, and trees such as never grew in Epping Forest or anywhere else. And I wonder why we are invited to "hurry on" into a train which along its whole length has only one notice as to whither it is going.* There are placards and places for them, but laziness or incompetence forgets them.

It might also be easily possible to get somebody to write brief, plain English for the railway's public notices, thus reducing bills for printing, and the time taken to understand the said notices. I suppose, however, the composers have been influenced by the new professors of publicity, who heralded their appearance by asking you to "enlist, if you have no home ties." They were some way behind the ordinary public in common sense and tact. For a member of that long-suffering body, if he had to write a public notice, would have the sense to get it corrected by someone who could put it plainly and clearly.

By "the public" I mean the average Briton, not the silly working man well above forty who complained to me of crowding, and then added that all this trouble would cease, when Peace was signed.

Yours faithfully,
STRAPHANGER.

TAXI-DRIVERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As you have, greatly in the interests of the public, taken up the question of the behaviour of London taxi-cab drivers, I write to point out that one very gross line of misbehaviour seems not to have received the attention it deserves. I allude to the practice almost invariably in force at the London theatres.

The Commissionaire, in the intervals of the performance, asks as many of the stallholders as possible whether they want a taxi after the theatre. If the answer is "Yes," the next question is the destination, and then an enormous sum is named as the fare, with an assurance that no taxi will take you for less.

In this way many taxi-drivers night after night receive anything from 10s. to £1 for comparatively short journeys.

I am, yours, etc.,
A. R. PRIDEAUX.

April 15.

THE LONDON GIRLS' CLUB UNION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May we claim the hospitality of your paper to appeal to those of your readers who have some memories of the good times they had themselves on their annual holiday, to help the executive of the London Girls' Club Union, of which Her Majesty the Queen is patroness, to buy a Club Holiday House by the seaside, where our working girls may spend their annual holiday, or recruit after serious illness, in health, comfort, and safety, with a minimum of expense, and a maximum of contentment, under good influences, and in the society of those of their own age?

The London Girls' Club Union has over 50 clubs scattered over every district of London, with a membership of over 6,000. Free holidays have already been given to many, through the generosity of our friends, and many have been helped with part payment, but this only affects less than three per cent. of our girls, and what we need is a permanent home for girls who have saved up and can pay for their own maintenance. We have the opportunity now to buy a freehold house, and open it in May, in time for the summer holidays. So we appeal for a sum which will enable us to be self-supporting, for the girls' payments cannot amount to more than 15s. to 18s. a week, and that will hardly pay current expenses, even with prices on a lower scale than prevail at the present time.

Working girls have toiled long and strenuously to help us win the war, many have worked the whole night through, for long periods of time, and the strain has been great.

We appeal also to those to whom this war, through no fault of their own, has brought increased financial prosperity, to help us with this work, and we suggest that there may be some who would like to endow and name a bed, as a thank-offering or as a memorial.

All gifts, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged by our hon. treasurer, Miss Ruth Whitbread, 24, Eaton Place, S.W.2.

Yours faithfully,

MARY ST. HELIER, President.
RHODA CARLISLE.
FLORA KIRWAN.
RUTH WHITBREAD.
AUDREY T. COLERIDGE.
FLORENCE M. GOSCHEN.
ELIZABETH POST.

THE "SANCTA SOPHIA" MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—My attention has only to-day been called to Mr. Poynter's letter on the above, which appeared in your issue of April 5th. As the convenor of the meeting at the Hampstead Garden Suburb to which he refers, I trust you will give me an opportunity of replying to him, though later than I could have wished.

Mr. Poynter's argument for leaving Saint Sophia (why does he call it "Santa" instead of "Hagia"?) It was never Latin but when desecrated by the infamous Latin Crusaders in 1204) in the hands of the Turk is a fine variant of the gentle art of thimble-rigging. The pea must be sought, if anywhere, under the Latin thimble, because the Latin Church is "one solid body," whereas the Eastern Churches are "split up." The trick is the substitution of the word "Latin" for "Western," but it is so transparent that the mentality of those (if any) who are taken in by it must be even lower than that of the country bumpkins on the race-course, who are the natural prey of the thimble-rigger.

"Some Eastern Churches," he says, "are in communion with Rome and some are not." So are some Western Churches and some not, but what has this to do with the question of restoring to the Eastern Orthodox Church a building ravished from them by the infidel Turk? "Oh," says Mr. Poynter, "but the builders of Saint Sophia, like the builders of Westminster Abbey, were in communion with Rome." Ergo (or shall we say *argal*) both edifices should belong to the Pope. But as this claim is not impudent enough to stand before the public quite naked, we are told that on the whole we had "best let things be."

Mr. Poynter's ethics are as peculiar as his logic; witness the following parable:—Let us suppose "A" and "B" are partners in business. For a time they carry it on together without undue friction, but "A" begins to assume airs of sole proprietorship, and affects to regard "B" as merely his servant. The partnership is consequently dissolved: each sets up for himself, and each claims to be the original and genuine firm. Some time afterwards burglars break into "B's" shop and steal some of his goods. The police, however, arrest the thieves, and succeed in recovering some of "B's" property, but when it is proposed to restore it to its rightful owner, "A" protests. Such an act, he says, "is most undesirable, for it identifies the Law with the 'mailed fist'." Other burglars have succeeded in keeping what they have stolen, why not these? And if you talk about rightful owners, "awkward questions will arise." As a matter of strict justice it should be given to me, because "B" was once in business with me, but I am content to waive that claim in deference to the sacred principle that possession is nine points of the law.

But the future of Saint Sophia is too serious a matter for merely playful treatment, for there is reason to fear that the Near Eastern question may be "settled" in a way repugnant to the large majority of the English religious public, Churchmen and Nonconformists alike.

The secrecy which is being maintained in regard to the Peace negotiations is being made a cover for Roman Catholic intrigue. Certain Permanent Officials at the Foreign Office (in whose hands Ministers are as

wax) are putting every obstacle they can think of in the way of the restoration of the building to Christian worship until, in the shifting of the political kaleidoscope a favourable opportunity occurs of transferring it from the Turk to the Pope that he may establish a "Uniat" centre of discord in the midst of Orthodox Christendom. If this letter were not too long already I could easily give facts to prove it, but I will only mention one. *The Church Times*, which is the organ of the Romanising section of the High Church Anglican party, while hypocritically professing to have at heart the interests of the Orthodox Churches of the East, steadily refuses to take any notice of letters or speeches that point out this danger.

Your faithfully,

C. G. HARRISON.

Golder's Green, N.W., April 11th.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Where is the "Saturday" of yester-year? I confess that I rubbed my eyes with amazement on opening your Review yesterday morning to find no chorus of indignation with reference to the letter on the restitution to Christendom of the great Christian Church of 'The Holy Wisdom' in Constantinople, published in your number of the 5th inst., with its Laodicean conclusion of "best let things be." Much as I loathed Gladstone's ordinary political views, I cannot help thinking how splendidly that great man would have thundered against such a proposal. As to the feelings of ordinary devout Mahomedans on the subject, they would approximate to the sentiment of "Lord, what fools these Christians be!" they would merely consider us as a crowd of indifferent Laodiceans, and they would be right.

Yours obediently,

H. W. KEYS.

FROM ARCHANGEL, OR THEREABOUTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I send you another letter from a friend at or near Archangel.

Yours,

A. B.

Dear Mrs. —,—One finds a difficulty in starting: how tactless that does sound, but mental vagueness, a general slovenliness, are the excuses. I've been worrying myself with dreary essays on all sorts of subjects, 'The Religion of the Russian Revolution,' by some Babu disciple of Dostoevsky.

Perhaps Russia is mysterious, but then so are cows; I expect even less educated, even more oppressed than the miserable moujik. And rats and bats and owls, who knows their private mystic thoughts, what dumb debates they indulge in after dark?

But then one finds the article next 'Musical Notes' preceded by 'The character of totality of Artistic Expression.' And one sees it's merely noise, though it disgusts one, rather, these ideals dragged to pieces for the entertainment of the crowd. A digest of every subject under the sun, between blue covers, issued monthly, to the tired business man! So, one supposes, the average mortal strives to obtain a reputation for abnormal brain. One imagines Surbiton in spectacles, Chelsea in old oak chairs, gasping with sheer delight at the dreary flood of words, storing away the little catch-phrases in the cluttered attics of their brains. Rather too complex for my crude self, they merely cause annoyance.

So I lie on my bed, and gaze at the roof, and weave dreams around my pipe. It was my pastime this evening. In the cold grey twilight time stood still and the present disappeared. All outside was weeping in the thaw, the soft drip on the window sill the only sound.

One's thoughts roamed vague and disconnected, and went visiting with happy peaceful memories. Presently an ape wandered in, mouthing raucous pleasantries, while awkwardly I fumbled at the doorway of to-day, only half awake. One hates these people who greet life shouting loudly. Till to-morrow, when one's

mental outlook changes and the ideas of yesterday appear as the ravings of some neurotic imbecile. One's own uncouth optimism enraging all others.

This instability is bad, but one must feel restless, it can't be otherwise. For how long are we tied to Russia, when and where shall we be granted our freedom, no one seems to know. And freedom gained, what then? Looking ahead and seeing this unlovely fog, one's weak little, neat little personality seeks refuge in a cynical blustering, to hide one's terror.

And cynicism demands experience to give it good effect. Hence my dissatisfaction with life at the moment. To cure this I must read again your 'Light in the Clearing.' How clumsily I introduced that, but then I suffer, as some do, from a total inability to give thanks gracefully, or make adieux with ease. I tell you this, trying somehow to excuse myself, although I think you know it well. Anyway, I enjoyed it most awfully and in a week or two I shall read it again.

One imagined the majority of American novelists as of the O. Henry or Jack London type, pleasant people in a magazine, but rather overpowering in book form. Such the case, I thank you for having introduced me to new friends. And now I must let my letter take its leave, while I continue saving Russia.

One supposes that is what we do, though possibly we occupy the more degraded position of mere financial sentries. That remains to be seen. Please give my salaams very kindly and unobtrusively to all who would remember me.

WHEN A BISHOP IS NOT A BISHOP.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Since writing the letter which you did me the honour to publish in your issue of the 12th inst., I have come across the following "answers" by Archbishop Thomas Cranmer, to certain questions proposed by himself. As he composed the Book of Common Prayer, and the Ordinal used from 1552 to 1662, we see in his answers precisely what he intended the title "Bishop" to signify. This was not the "two-horned imp" or the "mass monger" of pre-Reformation times, but a new species of official, who could, as your correspondent "Laicus" suggested, get rid of the incubus of the episcopate, whenever it became irksome. Resignation of the cares of office meant, in Cranmer's view, abdication of the episcopate, which was merely an aristocratic beadledom. A bishop without a see automatically ceased to be a bishop, and a gentleman promoted to a see became automatically a Bishop, without, as much as with, the ceremony of consecration. If this view of the episcopate is what "Laicus" holds, he is perfectly correct in supposing it to be an office, like that of a beadle, which impresses no sacramental character upon the soul and can be laid aside at will. These "Answers" of Cranmer's will be found in Burnet's "History of the Reformation," Vol. II, Book III, p. 201.

"1. What a Sacrament is by Scripture?

Ans. The Scripture sheweth not what a Sacrament is, nevertheless where in the Latin tongue we have *Sacramentum*, there in the Greek we have *Mysterium*, and so by the Scripture, *Sacramentum* may be called *Mysterium*, *id est Occulta sive Arcana*.

2. What a Sacrament is by the Antient Authors?

Ans. The Antient Authors call a Sacrament *sacrae rei signum*, viz: *visibile verbum, symbolum, atque pactio qua sumus constricti*.

3. How many Sacraments are there by Scripture?

Ans. The Scripture sheweth not how many Sacraments there be, but *Incarnatio Christi* and *Matrimonium* are called *Mysteria* and therefore we may call them by the Scripture *Sacramenta*. But one *Sacramentum* the Scripture maketh mention of which is hard to be received fully,

26 April 1919

as would to God it were, and that is
Mysterium Iniquitatis or *Mysterium*
Meretricis Magnæ Bestiæ.

4. How many in ye Antient Authors?

Ans. There be many more than seven. The determinate number of Seven Sacraments is no doctrine of the Scripture nor of the old authors.

5. Whether Bishops or Priests were first? And if the Priests were first, then the Priest made the Bishop.

Ans. The Bishops and Priests were at one time, And were no two things but both one office, in the beginning of Christ's religion.

6. Whether a Bishop may make a Priest by Scripture, and whether any other, not a Bishop only, may make a Priest?

Ans. A Bishop may make a Priest by Scripture, and so may Princes and Governors also, and that by the authority of God committed unto them, and the people, also, by election.

7. Whether in the New Testament be required any consecration of a Bishop or Priest, or only appointing to the office be sufficient?

Ans. In the New Testament he that is appointed to be a Bishop or a Priest needeth not consecration, by the Scripture, for election or appointing thereto is sufficient."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
ARNOLD H. MATHEW,
(Bishop).

Walmer, Kent. April 19th.

THE USE OF THE BATH.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your comment on the palatial baths with which our miners are to be presented reminds me of an instance which occurred in a mining village in Cumberland. The owners of a terrace of bathless miners' houses, decided that each house should be provided with a bath. The design of the houses made it difficult to fit the baths without considerable expense. However, the difficulty was overcome by making a hole in the kitchen floor before the fireplace, then fitting in the bath, which could be covered up when not in use.

The baths were certainly used—but as coal cellars.

Yours &c.,
F. ADAMS.

GERMAN COAL.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You say the miners won't let the Germans pay in coal, but surely something could be done if the equivalent of their earnings per ton were put to an out-of-work fund for them and the rest credited against the debt when sold. Our industries and other classes of workmen would benefit, besides delaying the exhaustion of our coal supplies.

Yours faithfully,
T. D.

P.S.—I enclose my card for reference.

"THE TIMES."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Apropos your reference in a recent issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW to the "Thunderer" and its 24 pages, another feature of the good old "Times" not pleasing to all its readers must be many of the illustrations of latter-day costumes. Some of these are neither more nor less than "Gargoyles Grotesquely Garmented." Money-lenders' advertisements are rightly barred from its columns. Some of these shocking caricatures of females should meet the same treatment.

Yours truly,
HY. A. DAWSON.

"Penstraze," Falmouth.

REVIEWS

THE RUSSIAN COURT.

The Russian Diary of an Englishman, 1915-17.
Heinemann. 12s. net.

THE Russian revolution has been written to the bone by journalists: this is the first book on the subject by a gentleman. We do not mean this offensively, but merely to indicate that the point of view is that of the Russian Court and society, and not that of the democratic press. The Diary is partly made up of letters to the Ripon family, and we suppose everybody knows who the Englishman is. He was the intimate friend of the Grand Duchess Vladimir (Duchess of Mecklenburg), the widow of the Tsar's uncle, and was consequently on easy terms with all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses, of whom there were over a score. He was in and out of the British Embassy every day; and through the two terrible years (1915-17) he dined, bridged, or went to some concert or musical party every night of his life. A man in such a position gets quite a different view of things from that of "our correspondent," or even that of Special Envoys like Lord Milner or Mr. Henderson. It is this fact which lends a fresh interest to a threadbare theme: "An Englishman's" point of view may not be more correct than anybody else's, but it is different.

Nothing brings the social condition of Russia more vividly to our minds than the facts of the murder of Rasputin. The monk was a drunken, lewd scoundrel, whose influence over the Tsarina was driving Russia to ruin. But he was coolly murdered in the house of the Grand Duke Dmitri (the Tsar's cousin) by Prince Felix Yusupov. The body of the "unmentionable," when fished out of the river, was buried in Tsarskoe Seloe, and the funeral was attended by the Tsar and the Tsarina. This is how Russian society regarded the matter. "All the Imperial Family are off their heads at the Grand Duke Dmitri's arrest, for even the Emperor has not the right to arrest his family." And again: "As you must know Dmitri Pavlovitch and all the family are furious at their prerogatives being touched. No one has the right to enter their houses, and yet that poor boy's house was, by order of the Empress, filled with common soldiers." After a nominal arrest of a few days in a palace, the young men, the Grand Duke and the Prince, were sent off in special trains to Teheran and the Crimea, where they had houses. What a queer country! "Had luncheon with the Grand Duchess Vladimir; the Leon Radziwills were there, and Grand Duke Boris. I took him all the newest 'rag-times' from London for his private band." The date of this entry is 8 Jan., 1917, two months before the deposition of the Tsar! It is all very like the Court of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. "An Englishman" brings home the responsibility for the revolution to the Empress more clearly than any other writer we have read. It was not her pro-German sympathies; she had none; she, like every other sovereign in Europe, detested the Kaiser. It was her ambition to be another Catherine, her determination to rule Russia absolutely and to get rid of all Ministers who refused to take her orders, that caused the catastrophe. This is proved by the following entry on p. 143: "Rodzianko (President of the Duma) in the month of December (1916) had arranged with the Emperor that a Constitution should be given to Russia. A list of Ministers was drawn up, and an order was given at the Winter Palace to prepare the State rooms for the occasion of the announcement and the reception of the Duma on Tuesday, December 19, S. Nicolas, the Emperor's name day. When the Empress was told what he intended to do she sent him off to the Front. He left on Sunday, December 17. The list of Ministers who were to have been the first under the new Constitution is that of the Provisional Government of to-day" (1 April, 1917). These facts were told the "Englishman" by Prince Belosselski-Petrovski, who had them from "an unim-

peachable source." If these facts were known to so many people, they must surely have been known to Sir George Buchanan and the French Ambassador, and through them to the Cabinets of England and France, known, we mean, at the date of their happening, i.e., Christmas, 1916. Why did England and France, with such enormous stakes to win or lose, not remove the Empress by some form of stately and easy imprisonment, or by making her journey to Sweden for her health? To the Emperor we should have said, You are dependent on us for food, money, and arms: you must, until the war is over, be guided by our advice. Nothing of the kind was said or done; and we are afraid that Messrs. Clemenceau and Lloyd George believed that the substitution of democracy for Tsardom would strengthen Russia as an ally—indeed Mr. Lloyd George has said so. Both know better now, as regards Russia, at all events.

This is how the Imperial Family left for Siberia, that bourn from which no traveller returns. "The train was to have started at 2 a.m., but owing to the quantity of luggage, which preceded them in a separate train, they did not leave till 5.35. The Guards gave the Emperor the salute when he left the Palace. The Emperor, the Grand Duke Alexei (Tsarovitch) and the Empress drove in an open automobile to the station, the four Grand Duchesses in another; they were in white dresses. Their heads were shaved after the measles. The Emperor lit cigarettes incessantly, and threw them away. The Empress had tears in her eyes. The Grand Duke Alexei cried—poor little boy! You mustn't forget they had been waiting to leave since two o'clock" (in the morning) "for over three hours. The Grand Duchesses showed no emotion." At the Governor's small house at Tobolsk, the Empress said "We have not suffered enough for all the faults we have committed." The poor woman has suffered more than enough by this time! Somebody said at the station in the hearing of the little Tsarovitch, "What a beautiful automobile Kerenski has got!" "Why," said the lad bravely, "it is one of papa's." The Revolution sent all the Grand Dukes and Duchesses flying in different directions. "An Englishman" visited his Grand Duchess Vladimir at Kislovodsk, where she was living in a small villa, and where he brought her in his boots some hundred thousand rouble notes which she had not seen before. The old parish priest celebrated the Grand Duchess's fête in the villa, and after the *Te Deum* said, "As Mary Magdalene was the first to know of the Resurrection of Christ, so may you, after all your suffering, be the first to know that the order of former days has come back to Russia." Rather a quaint way of expressing the wish for a Restoration to a stout and elderly Grand Duchess! Towards the end of August, 1917, there was the Conference at Moscow. Kerenski's speech was a big failure, which was the beginning of the end. Kornilov's march on Petrograd was the last hope, and that failed, through the madness or treachery of Lvov (cousin of the Minister), who betrayed the General's design of restoring the Romanoffs, or making himself dictator, to one of Kerenski's spies. This at least is "An Englishman's" explanation; but the matter is not settled yet, and Kerenski is still voluble and unintelligible on the point. This book is strong with the strength of inside knowledge.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

The German Empire, 1867-1914, and the Unity Movement. By William Harbutt Dawson. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. Allen & Unwin. 16s. net.

ANY injunction to study seriously the historical origins of that German Empire which, during the first week of November, 1918, fell asunder and dissolved by reason of the imminence of its destruction from without, is a counsel of perfection likely to be followed at present by no one who is not a completely devoted seeker after historical knowledge, and perhaps

by only a few of the minority who are. For this reason it is to be feared that Mr. W. H. Dawson's first volume of the history of the Empire from 1867 to 1914 will find fewer and less careful readers than his industry and learning have deserved. This is the more to be regretted, because it is not an easy book to read. Mr. Dawson's command of the English language is not sufficient to have enabled him to use pronouns—the most frequent source of unintentional obscurity—in such a manner as to leave no question as to his meaning. The conscientious reader is frequently confronted by a reference to something which occurred previously, as to which he has been instructed either insufficiently or not at all. On the other hand, it may, perhaps, be hoped that the few whose enthusiasm for knowledge makes them sincerely desirous of knowing how that empire came into existence which we have taken such a world of trouble to destroy will not be discouraged in their high enterprise by difficulties as trifling as these.

About one-third of the present volume tells the tangled tale of the Germanic Federation, which followed the disappearance of the Holy Roman Empire, and the "National Assembly" at Frankfort which, under the Liberal impulses encouraged and developed by the troubles of 1848, endeavoured from that year till 1851 to construct a Germanic organism in which, whether under the name of an Empire or not, German Austria, Prussia, and the smaller German states, should co-operate for the universal prosperity. Two theories, or watch-words, Mr. Dawson tells us, animated those unsuccessful endeavours. One was the achievement of unity, and the other the establishment of internal "liberty." These theories were mutually to support and stimulate each other. When unity was achieved, twenty years later, it was not through liberty.

Mr. Dawson's volume serves well enough, as any moderately accurate history must, to dispel one or two popular British misconceptions concerning the actions of Prussia in the achievement of German unity and the methods of Bismarck in attaining that long and profoundly desired ideal. One of these relates to the action and inaction of this country in relation to the war with Denmark in 1864. Once assume that Prussia was never anything but a predatory bully, and Austria always a pitiable dupe, and it is a simple matter to conclude that Denmark in 1864 was as inoffensive a victim as Belgium in 1914, and that Palmerston betrayed a small and friendly country, as Mr. Asquith did not. This simple, but erroneous theory is largely founded on the journalistic criticism of the Government of that day by political opponents, and especially by Lord Salisbury. The facts were that the mass of questions relating to the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein was of great antiquity and almost intolerable complication, that the attitude in the matter of the Danish Government was open to a great deal of most damaging criticism, and that, as Mr. Dawson observes, the main objection to the behaviour of England in leaving Denmark to her fate was, not that England was wrong in doing so, but that different members of the Government had been wrong on various occasions in using language which would have been more appropriate, if they had meant to interfere. It was, of course, clear that part of the purpose of the Danish war was to make Prussia a naval power, but we have never claimed that no one except ourselves can be entitled to navies or naval ports. Does anyone nowadays really feel aggrieved by the resolve of the United States to provide themselves with naval armament more or less in proportion to the extent and the wealth of their territory?

An equally baseless theory, which the careful perusal of Mr. Dawson's book will equally dispel, is that the Franco-Prussian War was precipitated almost entirely by Bismarck's rendering of the message conveyed to him from the King of Prussia with the suggestion that he should publish it, if he thought that course desirable. For the prevalence of this idea, though not, perhaps, for the singularly inappropriate description of Bismarck's dispatch as a "forged telegram," Bismarck was himself, with the assistance of his biographer Busch, chiefly responsible. He may have been right in likening his own dispatch to a *fanfare*, but it was going far to describe the message of

King on which it was based as a *chamade*. King William's own words were that Benedetti had urged him "in a very obtrusive manner" to promise that the Hohenzollern candidature, then withdrawn, should never under any circumstances be renewed, and that he (the King) had "repelled him at last somewhat severely." The application to an ambassador of the words "obtrusive," "repel," and "severely"—none of which occurred in Bismarck's summary—were surely a cause of offence sufficient for a much more pacifically inclined Foreign Secretary than de Gramont, who was Mr. Dawson's opinion the most urgently insistent upon war of all the French statesmen of that time—with the possible exception of the Empress. The fact seems to be that war with Prussia, in order to prevent the establishment of a strong German Empire, was as necessary to that arch-intriguer Napoleon III as war with France was to Bismarck for the exactly contrary purpose. From the conclusion of the Treaty of Prague, which in 1867 secured to North Germany the fruits of the war of 1866 with Austria, the war of 1870—human nature on both sides being what it was—was inevitable, and all the diplomacies of Bismarck on the one side, and Napoleon III and his ministers on the other, were something like the manœuvres of yachts for the start in a sailing-race.

An interesting point brought out by Mr. Dawson in the character of the Emperor William I is that he was constitutionally reluctant to quarrel, but, when he had once begun, he was more blood-thirsty than anybody. He deprecated the Danish war, but, when it was over he was far from satisfied with the mere surrender of the Duchies by Denmark to Prussia and Austria jointly. He was almost passionately anxious not to make war upon his recent ally and personal friend, the Emperor Francis Joseph; but after Sadowa Bismarck had great difficulty in persuading him to forego the occupation of Vienna, and the complete military humiliation of Austria.

Mr. Dawson brings down the general story of the German Empire and its organization to 1874, and the last two chapters of the present volume deal respectively with 'Church and State (1868—1883)' including a succinct and sufficient account of the "Kultur-kampf," and with 'Social Democracy (1848—1888),' which largely consists of a picturesque account of the life of Lassalle.

The twelve chapters of the Second Volume, of which a list is given, will be on the same plan, two of them dealing with the "domestic affairs" of the Empire under William II, and four with the "foreign relations" of Germany from 1890-1914.

KIPLING AND AN IMITATOR.

The Years Between. By Rudyard Kipling. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

On Patrol. By Klaxon. Blackwood. 6s. net.

ENGLISH poetry has changed since the far-off days in which Mr. Kipling wrote 'Barrack Room Ballads.' At that time there was a disposition among those who believed that English poetry had died with Tennyson to regard Kipling's work as in a sort doggerel. Both the matters of which he treated and the method of treatment were inadmissible, though there was a grudging tendency to concede him the 'Recessional.' It was felt, no doubt, that this experiment, this almost impudent innovation, must receive the baptism of distrust which consecrates all notable adventures in literature. The critics might have spared themselves trouble, because there was, in fact, nothing new about his poetry, still less in his verse. His poetry, of which there is very little, appears to have been produced by accident, and without effort fits into the chain of the English poets. His verse—in which we include the 'Recessional'—will live as long as good journalism attracts, and will be understood as long as the word Jingo has a meaning. And we do not think that will be very long.

'The Years Between' contains two, perhaps three poems and a quantity of verse ranging from almost first class Kipling to work which "Klaxon"—one of the

last inspired of his imitators—might well have produced. The volume is, however, of interest to the critic of poetry, as throwing a light on the questions which our restless younger poets are setting us. The first truth which emerges is that it is not too late even in 1919 to achieve poetry by the old-fashioned methods. A fine thought may still be perfectly expressed in a conventional form, and still assume poetry's unconventional wings. Is there anything new in this verse?

'These were never your true love's eyes,
Why do you feign that you love them?
You that broke from their constancies,
And the wide calm brows above them.'

It is natural and easier to understand than to forget.

Take again 'The Coward.'

'I could not look on death, which being known,
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone.'

This couplet is to be found among 'The Epitaphs,' and is not the only one that might have been a translation from the Greek, and not disgracing the original.

The second truth is that the spirit of poetry is a pitiless judge. Poetry demands absolute service, and is merciless with any that uses her for his own ends, however exalted. It is, of course, well known that Mr. Kipling has so used poetry, and poetry has, in The Years Between, and before them, amply punished him. The ends that Mr. Kipling privately pursued were lofty; they were no less than the ends of the earth, which, he believed, should coincide with the ends of the British Empire. Poetry does not resent in itself such a purpose, as witness her coronation of Virgil. It is not that Kipling's theme is less than Virgil's. For not Rome alone, but her greater successor England, knew and is a permanent lesson to time of the great exhortation that ends with the call 'Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.'

The difference would seem to be that Virgil saw Rome clearly and at first-hand, while Mr. Kipling sees our Empire only too often in the terms of a leading article. It is no doubt possible that Virgil was an Augustan Imperialist, just as Mr. Kipling is a Tory Imperialist. But Virgil, when he set to his task, lost his "views" in his vision; the reverse is true of Mr. Kipling, when he attempts political verse. Nor must we be accused of writing thus, because we do not agree with Mr. Kipling's "views." On the contrary, his verse as in 'Ulster' contains what we conceive to be a very formidable expression of a just point of view. We have no quarrel with his belief in Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, with his criticism of "The Treaty of London," with his attack on those responsible for the Mesopotamian muddle, with his dislike for pacifists. It is to his treatment of these topics that we address our criticism, to the angry ephemeral passion with which they are approached. Anger and hatred may only find their way into poetry, when they are clear of ill-temper and spite. These latter moods sting and have their use in political controversy, but poetry quietly stamps them into the mud of oblivion. "The Treaty of London" may well have been a mistake and the statesmen who were its authors may have deserved to be thus reviled:

'The light is still in our eyes,
Of Faith and Gentlehood,
Of Service and Sacrifice;
And it does not match our mood,
To turn so soon to your treacheries,
That starve our land of her food.'

Unhappily the excellent light of Faith, Gentlehood, Service and Sacrifice—no stranger to poetry—is strangely quenched in the last three lines with a result that needs no comment. Again the heat of indignation which the Mesopotamian Report aroused in this country may have been adequately portrayed in such lines as—

"Even while they soothe us, while they promise large
amends,
Even while they make a show of fear,
Do they call upon their debtors, and take council with
their friends,
To confirm and re-establish their career?"

But poetry does not remember these things. Her anger goes deeper, her hatred strikes perhaps at the devilish wickedness of war rather than at the human stupidity of little men caught in its toils. Much of this political verse puts the leader writer to shame. But poetry is also ashamed.

The third truth is that this war throws into relief the platitude, which is rediscoverable as the elixir of poetic life (as indeed it is) every hundred years, that poetry deals only in reality. We do not remember that the South African War had this result in the world of literature. Indeed, on the side of poetry that war was chiefly remarkable for giving us Mr. Kipling's

'When you've shouted "Rule Britannia,"'

adequately set to what was called music, by Sir A. Sullivan. This last, however, was, as Mr. Kipling might say, a different war, and it set different standards. A certain number of young men, who fought in it, have given us its reality. But we must be careful closely to explain that word. We think it was Matthew Arnold who said that the best art does not set about imitating a hero's dying noises. These poems are not most real, whether Mr. Sassoon's or Mr. Gibson's, which try to reproduce that terrible agony. For to suppose that to reproduce the sound of a shell bursting is to achieve reality is to assert that the best poetry would be the bursting of a shell. Reality means a first-hand recognition through the eyes of an individual of certain universal facts and their presentation with a dignity worthy of that universality. Of the non-combatants Mr. Hardy almost alone has in his

"What of the faith and fire within us,
Men who march away,"

captured, as he was certain to capture, the universal. Of the fighters, Brooke, Grenfell, perhaps Mr. Nichols, and just possibly Mr. Sassoon, have by glimpses attained it. Mr. Kipling has frankly, and, we think, rather finely, not even attempted it. There is no war-poetry in 'The Years Between,' in the sense that, apart from 'The Epitaphs,' there is no attempt to present the war as it was. There are certain sidelights by no means ignoble, as when Mr. Kipling cries:—

"Who stands if freedom fall,
Who dies if England live?"

and better still in 'Old Days':

"The wild geese are flighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before."

But these are the words of the spectator. Mr. Kipling does not attempt the part of the actor. Did he think that this war transcended the limits of poetry, or was he rewarded by poetry for some fine service in the old days by being made aware that this was not for him? Did he, perhaps, guess that his would have been the fate of "Klaxon"—his ingenuous disciple—to be hearty, and boisterous and little in the face of that which was grave, horrible and large?

In a very real poem that Mr. Kipling once wrote before this war and when he was not tortured by political fancies, he cried—

"Valour and innocence,
Have latterly gone hence,
To certain death by certain shame attended,
Envy, ah, even to tears,
The fortune of their years,
Which though so few yet so divinely ended."

He has not spoiled by any martial vehemence this gift to those who have in the war suffered loss.

"PAGAN, I REGRET TO SAY."

Letters from a Prairie Garden, by Edna Underwood.
Boston. Marshall Jones Company. \$1.50.

THE Greek maiden (accidentally an American citizen) who writes these dainty letters on all subjects, from Chopin and Chinese pottery to Catullus and Heine, eagerly assures us that "they went through the mail." What does it matter? We don't care a pin whether they are genuine or not: we are allowed

to read them, and the fact that they may also have been read by an unseen lover—so says the 'Foreword'—neither adds to nor detracts from their literary merit, which is considerable. They are purely pagan in spirit, as we have indicated, and that is perhaps their chief charm, for the kinship between Boston and Athens has hitherto escaped observation. "I have a picture by Fragonard of a French lady holding a billet doux daintily between two pointed fingers, a round-eyed poodle beside her, and painted in front of a leaded glass window in a blond satin boudoir. The first time I looked at that picture I longed to be in the France Fragonard knew. How merrily and happily did they live then! With what wit! With what grace! With what freedom! They did not spend their time in reforming and re-making the world. They looked out upon it with clear Greek eyes and saw that it was good and let it alone." This reveals a shockingly immoral mentality in the fair writer, who, we fear, would be frowned on by the Pankhursts and the Webbs, and the Macarthurs. "Although Cinara had lived but few years and was fair-haired and slender, she could not have served as a model for a Flemish madonna nor a mediæval virgin. The atmosphere of other centuries was upon her. There was a look in her eyes that the world of to-day does not know." (No, indeed). "Her hands were as lovely as Anne of Austria's, but they were pagan hands. They had not been taught the attitudes of prayer. Instead, they had tossed white doves and roses to the fanes of Aphrodite." Worse and worse! This is downright hedonism. It is perhaps not necessary to add that the lady reads with rapture Catullus and Horace, and that she is in love with the soul of Heinrich Heine, that adorable cosmopolitan. But her love of the Roman poet is not skin-deep: she has really saturated herself with his philosophy. "Money is merely a sort of pleasant vulgarity. It is one of the soft and padded cushions for the couch of mediocrity. One should have the love of fine things in one's heart, their comprehension in one's brain, and then leave their possession—which is the insignificant thing—to the Philistines." That is the quintessence of pagan wisdom, as well put as Seneca or Pater could have put it.

How refreshing it is to read the thoughts of someone who does not sit on committees and write articles on social reform! To those who turn with dislike from the monotonous cant of political altruism these letters will be a relief and a delight, at once soothing and stimulating, or, if they want a metaphor, a necklace of literary pearls to be handled and worn without a twinge of moral responsibility.

SIR D. HAIG'S FINAL DISPATCH.

THE final dispatch, dated the 21st March, was published on the 11th April. It is divided into three parts.

Part I. deals with the advance into Germany which began on December 1st and terminated with the occupation of the Cologne bridgehead on December 12th. The zone of British action had been laid down by Marshal Foch; and as the British front was narrow and the difficulties of supply great, the advance was carried out by the 2nd and 4th Armies alone. As the front became still narrower, so it became necessary to drop out the 4th Army, and it was the 2nd Army alone which ultimately occupied Cologne.

The difficulties of supply were enormous, inasmuch as the Germans had, in view of pursuit, torn up and destroyed bridges, railways and roads, and laid delay action mines at numerous points without keeping an exact record of the spots where these had been placed. The work of reconstruction was, consequently, very arduous, continuing day and night; and, at one time, the advancing troops had to be supplied by motor lorries at distances of 80 to 100 miles from railhead. Sir D. Haig points out that, had it been necessary to carry out this advance against active opposition, the difficulties would have been enormously increased and incalculable suffering inflicted upon the inhabitants of France, Belgium, and Luxembourg. Here, evidently, was one

great reason for the conclusion of the armistice; and there is the answer to those who regret that the Germans were not hunted back and given a taste of war in their own country. It is true that in Part 2 of the dispatch, under the heading "Value of Cavalry," Sir D. Haig maintains that, had the advance of our cavalry not been terminated by the armistice, "the enemy's disorganised retreat would have been turned into a rout." Disorganised and demoralised troops, however, who have lost all sense of discipline, will inflict terrible suffering on a hostile population through whom they are retreating.

The chief interest of the dispatch certainly centres in Part 2. It deals with the "Features of the war," and is a somewhat new departure from the usual custom, in that it forms a most valuable treatise on strategy and tactics. Sir D. Haig emphasises the point that, from the Somme in 1916 onwards, the operations constituted one vast battle, and that this battle ran the ordinary course, with the difference that a certain phase which formerly lasted but a few days, or even minutes, now lasts for as many months. Thus the great final effort of the German armies, which began on March 21st, 1918, lasted four months, while that of Napoleon at Waterloo lasted but a few minutes. The failure of this supreme effort was, on both occasions, the signal for the supreme effort of the other side.

The dispatch then treats of the "Length of the war," which is probably the most interesting, as it is certainly the most important, part of the whole document. The duration is ascribed to four causes: Our unpreparedness for war, "or at any rate for a war of such magnitude"; the breakdown of the Russians in 1917; the difficulty of combining the action of armies of various nationalities; finally, the impossibility of conducting flanking operations in view of the fact that the flanks of the hostile forces rested on the sea or neutral territory.

The remarks on our lack of preparation should be read in conjunction with Lord Jellicoe's book on the Grand Fleet. Surely, throughout history, no nation has ever received clearer warning of an impending great conflict than did we. Yet we were unprepared, both by land and sea. We were deficient in both trained men and military material; and the machinery, by which alone these could be produced. As a result, we were not able to assist our allies adequately until nearly two years had elapsed; and during this period these allies had suffered cruel losses which directly influenced the duration of the war. Our own casualties were largely increased by this same lack of preparation.

The remarkable thing is that this unpreparedness was very well known to exist by our sailors and soldiers and formed a constant topic of discussion in the years preceding the war. Yet it was, apparently, unknown to our statesmen. There is here, evidently, something very wrong in our system of national leadership so far at least as war is concerned. The point is that, in spite of the League of Nations, there is no guarantee that war has been improved off the face of the earth. There is no guarantee that a recurrence of this war will not take place ten, fifteen or twenty years hence. There is no guarantee that the German democracy will discard the ambitions of the German autocracy. Was the German aggression due, perhaps, to deep-seated national impulse?

Sir D. Haig applies the word "miraculous" to the recovery and ultimate victory of the Allies. He points out that, in former wars, that side which was fully prepared has almost invariably gained a rapid and com-

plete victory. More than ever will that be the case in the future. The problem of national leadership is certainly vital to our very existence, and as such, should not be lightly set aside.

A section of this Part 2 dealing with "Why we attacked, whenever possible," shows that attack is by no means more costly than defence, and reiterates the well-known military maxim that it is by attack alone that victory can be won. The value of mechanical contrivances, such as motor transport, heavy artillery, trench mortars, machine guns, aeroplanes, tanks, gas, barbed wire are also dealt with. While giving these their due weight, Sir D. Haig emphasizes the fact that they are accessories to the infantry, and that it is "only by the rifle and bayonet of the infantry that decisive victory can be won." The co-operation between these mechanical contrivances and the infantryman required much thought; while the vast increase in artillery called for far-reaching changes in organisation. In view of this vast increase in artillery and mechanical contrivances, the training of the troops became a matter of first class importance for, as Sir D. Haig says, "An intelligent understanding of 'the other man's job' is the first essential of successful co-operation."

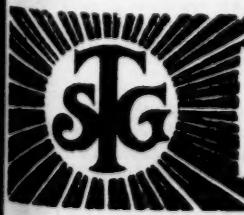
In Part 3, Sir D. Haig expresses his thanks to his commanders and staffs. He also pays a high tribute to the fine military bearing of his troops; and to "our kinsmen and kinswomen of the British Empire," for their unfailing support and indomitable spirit.

THE RISORGIMENTO.

The Making of Modern Italy. By Mary Clive Bayley. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

THE Italian Risorgimento is a theme which impresses us as belonging rather to the domain of Romance than History. Few national movements have been watched with such interest from other countries, notably from our own. And in human annals it would be difficult to parallel the group of figures, heroic or pathetic, which moves in the foreground of that prolonged battle. First, the four leaders, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, belonging each to distinct and sharply contrasted types, yet one in the singleness of their aim. Then the Ecclesiastic, who, as some thought, was called to a place beside that elect few, but like his predecessor made the Great Refusal; not, indeed, through cowardice, but because the ideal to which he clung stood implacably in the way. Next, the long procession of martyrs, known to the middle-aged man and woman chiefly through 'The Disciples,' that remarkable epic, deserving surely of a better fate than the oblivion into which it has fallen. Anita, following the standard with the soldiers, despite hindrances from which the soldier is exempt, and passing away in the black hour of apparent failure, even as the daughter-in-law of Eli; but happier in this, that she died in her husband's arms. Ruffini perishing by his own hand in prison, lest his fortitude should prove unequal to the endurance of to-morrow's "Question." The Friar, Ugo Bassi, now ministering unarmed to the wounded and dying on the battlefield, his silver cross strangely displayed upon the red vesture of Revolution, now a captive doomed to death, subjected to extremity of torture, denied even the Viaticum "of the laity," yet unshaken in his faith that "God had promised to redeem Italy."

Miss Bayley has studied her period closely, and in a deeply sympathetic spirit. That in her statement of motives and circumstances she takes nothing for



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granted must, on the whole, be accounted to her for righteousness. Human life is short, and human memory shorter still, and few will be inclined, for example, to resent her lucid and comprehensive enumeration of the various divisions into which Italy was parcelled out a hundred years ago. Some may even feel secretly thankful to be reminded of the transactions from which King Bomba derived his name, a name which, since the days of air-raids, has acquired a new significance. What we could, perhaps, have spared, is the reflection on Ferdinand's amazing belief in himself as a rather superior kind of Christian. "How, it may well be asked, could a deceitful and cruel tyrant pretend to be religious? The fault lay in his early education." This sentence may be taken as typifying the somewhat exaggerated candour, the excessive respect for the obvious, which characterise Miss Bayley's attitude. But she has many of the qualities essential to historical writing, especially that of inspiring in others the interest by which she is herself animated. We are struck by the author's familiarity with the literature of her subject, extending even to 'Lothair.'

THE CHEVALIER.

Mr. Misfortunate. By Marjorie Bowen. Collins. 6s. net.

IN this romance of the period from 1745-1753 the young Pretender appears to us under a different light from that in which some of us, mainly, perhaps, upon the authority of Scott, have hitherto been accustomed to regard him. We find it, indeed, difficult to believe that such a mass of indolence, ill-temper, and self-indulgence could have achieved even the degree of success which fell to Charles Edward's lot. But Miss Bowen possesses the gift, excellent in a historical novelist, of imposing her conceptions, at least temporarily, upon the reader. And the deterioration produced in the unhappy Prince's character by strong liquor and undesirable company, if less rapid than we are here invited to believe, is certainly matter of history. In his relations with women, which occupy a large part of the book, he is represented as more often pursued than pursuing, and meeting in the first case sometimes with treachery, and in the second invariably with repulse. The novel closes on the beginning of his connection with Mrs. Walkinshaw—the bright exception, as he believed, to both these rules. As it is well known that this was not a lasting nor even a well-founded conviction, we conclude that a sequel is to be expected. The theme is, indeed, peculiarly adapted to Miss Bowen's gift for the picturesque and romantic, which—despite her recklessness in dealing with infinitives, and an unaccustomed orthography of words from foreign languages—is here displayed to great advantage.

A MODERN MASQUERADE.

Nurse Benson. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Hurst & Blackett. 6s. 9d. net.

A REVIEWER who has not seen 'Nurse Benson' at the Globe can, at any rate, lay claim to an impartial appreciation of merits which have successfully withstood the more exacting test of publication in book form. The situations, though obviously adapted to scenic requirements, have their effect even under these different conditions. The principal character conciliates our liking in spite of two grave handicaps; her portrait on the paper cover, and her reputation as a popular stage heroine. In real life we should probably regard her behaviour as deficient in honesty and honour. But seen through that atmosphere of fantastic charm which Mr. McCarthy excels in diffusing, all is smoothed over and forgiven. The subordinate personages, among whom, we discern shadowy reflections of Mr. Boffin and the Lammie ménage, play their parts with smoothness and security. Lord Messiger, President of the League for popularizing Deprivations, reaches a higher level of achievement. We rejoice in the suggestion of that unerring instinct with which economists of his nature and social order contrive to

combine the maximum of discomfort with the minimum of saving. Judging from observation, however, we do not think that his propaganda would have been unpopular with middle-class audiences, which are amazingly tolerant in such cases. This pleasant story leaves us with only one regret; that Sergeant Hinks is allowed no opportunity for coming to speech with the real Nurse Benson.

A MYSTERY STORY.

The Skeleton Key. By Bernard Capes. Collins. 6s. net.

THIS posthumous story was left, we gather, by its author, in a condition of completeness, though not, perhaps, ready for the press. Mr. Chesterton is not wholly well-advised when, in his agreeable preface, he suggests a comparison with that masterpiece of detective fiction, 'The Moonstone.' Mr. Capes has undoubtedly shown much ingenuity in the construction of his problem; and we do not think that its final solution is likely to be anticipated by the average reader. We feel, in fact, that the joy of uncertainty should be ours, and we are disappointed, because it does not inspire us with greater gusto. A mysterious murder is the subject, and we are guiltily conscious of feeling little concern for the victim (who is never presented to us alive), and less anxiety to discover the criminal. But the writing, as usual, is excellent and many of the incidents are well imagined.

THE QUARTERLIES

The April 'QUARTERLY' is distinguished by an almost entire absence of politics, and the papers that touch on it are not of great authority, whether they criticize Mr. Bertrand Russell in 'Utopias, Unlimited,' give the history of German colonisation in Africa, or discuss the future of Palestine. Mr. E. V. Lucas tells the early history of the Royal Literary Fund, the best-administered and most deserving of our national charities, which has been in existence for 129 years, and been of inestimable benefit to thousands of our poorer literary men, with a privacy which has never been broken since 1802, except on one occasion when Chateaubriand, Ambassador of France, acknowledged the help it had given him as an exile. Prof. Ridgeway writes on the origin of tragedy, showing that the oldest pantomimic dance known was a representation of actual events in China, and concluding that tragedy arose in the veneration and worship of the dead. Two good articles on Spanish subjects keep up the ancient reputation of the 'Quarterly,' Mr. Armstrong on the growth of the Spanish Empire, and Sir George Douglas on the plays of the brothers Quintero, comedies too intimately bound up with domestic life to be suitable for translation or adaptation for our stage. Sir W. M. Ramsay returns to the quotation by St. Paul of a Cretan poet and connects it with Epimenides and his visit to Athens, which he receives as fact; and Dr. Marett in a review of St. James Frazer emphasizes the unscientific character of his latest book, while recognizing his pre-eminent genius. Mr. Escott writes on the fortunes of the Rothschild family, but omits to notice a chief source of their wealth, the Stock Exchange gambling between Waterloo and the long-delayed signing of peace, nor does he describe the last theatrical crisis of their fortunes, when the Russian Government, displeased at their attitude, presented a sight cheque on them for the whole of the balance in their hands, amounting to many millions sterling. Miss Underhill displays a shade more knowledge of Plotinus than that of the average reader, and Dr. Bosanquet gives a good general account of the bearings of 'the Philosophy of Benedetto Croce.' On the whole, a first-class number.

THE "BRITISH DOMINIONS" YEAR BOOK 1919

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The interest of the April 'EDINBURGH REVIEW' is predominantly social rather than literary or political. Dean Inge writes on 'The Future of the English Race,' from the point of view of elementary anthropology and general distrust of the future of the better elements. He is, however, evidently unaware that the Anglo-Saxon element amongst us is not Nordic at all, but belongs to the Central European type; but he is entirely just in insisting on "the deep-rooted intellectual insincerity which is our worst national fault," though he overlooks the injury that emigration has done us for the last century or more, by eliminating the Nordic elements of our population. Dr. Shadwell writes on the perennial struggle between capital and labour, and shows how Syndicalism (which is no new thing) claims comfort and liberty. Sir Lynden Macassey brings his experience of labour troubles during the war to bear on the fallacies which have to be eliminated from the minds of men and masters before industrial production can be adequately stimulated. Mr. Gosse deals with M. Clemenceau as an author, novelist and political writer in a well-informed article, and Sir Sidney Low writes of the biographies of Clive and Warren Hastings, hinting that recent work, while it has corrected Macaulay in minor details, has not detracted from the splendid vigour of his portraits. Dr. Shipley gives us a first-rate account of the organisation and working of the American University, the information in which can hardly be found elsewhere. Dr. Harold Williams and Mr. J. A. R. Marriott supply two political articles on 'Russia and the Peace Conference' and 'The Foreign Policy of the United States.' Ruhleben furnishes articles for both the 'Quarterlies,' Mr. Farmer writing on its psychology and Mr. Gribble on its medical history, a ghastly story.

FICTION IN BRIEF

'THE LADY OF THE NORTH STAR,' by Otwell Binns (Ward, Lock, 6s. net). Mr. Binns is not disposed to let the long arm of coincidence lie useless. In the opening chapters we have gathered in one spot the heroine (secretly married and parted from her husband on the wedding day), her husband, heir to a baronetcy, now an outlaw in the far North West of Canada, her husband's cousin, a corporal in the North-West Mounted Police, hunting the outlaw without knowing who he is, and lastly the murderer of the heroine's father. The story runs merrily from murder to embezzlement and back to murder in a full-blooded way.

'RED GOLD,' by Marie Connor Leighton (Ward, Lock, 6s. net), relates the interwoven adventures of an unreal actress, an unreal clergyman who falls in love with her on the first page, an unreal peer of the realm who had led a double existence as a colonial millionaire, and a select assortment of unreal scoundrels. Abductions and poisonings supply the romantic interest.

'THE BOOK OF ETHEL,' by Coralie Stanton and Heath Hoskens (Sunley Paul, 7s. net), is the diary of the widow of Sir Julius Drake, Bart., giving a full account of her adventures in search of satisfaction for her empty heart, and her various failures and lucky escapes, until at the end her old lover turns out to be the only man with whom she can be happy. The book is surcharged with sentiment, over-loaded with coincidences, and yet an able study of the English variety of the *femme incomprise*. We should think it likely to be successful in book form.

'THE MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY,' by A. W. Marchmont (Ward, Lock, 6s. net) is on the whole a quite good variety of the English spy in Berlin story. The hero, a flying man, ventures into Germany to save his cousin, Nessa Caldicott, and by chance is forced to represent himself as having lost his memory. He is accepted as a member of a German family, and finds himself discredited with a past, but meets his cousin. They escape and marry. A good, lively story, which drags a little in the middle, but not noticeably.

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Don't Believe It!

IT is sometimes alleged that when a coal range is used for cooking the water in the range-boiler is raised to bath temperature or over by means of the "waste heat" from the coal; and that therefore it costs no more to cook food and heat water simultaneously than it does to cook food alone.

This is a fallacy. Why? When the damper is opened this flue is the most extravagant that the range possesses, and when it is shut the boiler is little better than a block of ice at the back of the fire. This cold block, always extracting heat and exerting a cooling influence, means that the fire needs much more fuel and stoking than would be necessary without it.

Expert research has decided that the average boiler behind the kitchen range has an efficiency of less than 20%; and householders who have tried say that with a gas-heated water-heating apparatus not only is the supply of hot water more satisfactory but also the expenditure on coal is greatly reduced. So much for the waste heat fallacy.

Against the saving in coal consumption has naturally to be set to the cost for gas; but the gas storage boiler is a thoroughly economical water-heater. The amount of gas burned is controlled by a "thermostat", which reduces the supply as soon as the water in the boiler has reached the desired temperature and only allows it to pass freely when hot water has been drawn off and cold flows in from the main until the bulk of the water is again re-heated.

Further information and estimates of the comparative cost and efficiency of the gas boiler and the coal range boiler can be obtained on application to the Secretary—

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Beardsley Early and Later Works, 2 vols., 30/-; Salome, illus. by Beardsley, 11/-; Louie Fuller, Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life, 4s/-; Grigg's Asian Carpet Designs, £6.10; Life and Works of Vittorio Carpaccio, illus., 1907, £2.15; Ballads Weird and Wonderful, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9/-; Spenser's Fairy Queen, 2 vols. folio, Cambridge, 1909, £2.15; Burton Arabian Nights, 17 vols., illus., unexpurgated, £30; Thausing's Life of Durer, 2 vols., 1882, 42/-; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons, large paper copy, 1905, £2.2; Stephen Phillips, The New Inferno, with designs by Vernon Hill, large paper copy, 21/-; William Morris's Collected Works, 24 vols., £12.12; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21/- Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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MUSIC.

MOISEWITSCH. QUEEN'S HALL. TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 3. RECITAL OF ETUDES. CHOPIN—SCHUMANN—LISZT. Chappell Piano. Tickets, 12s., 5s. 9d., 3s., 2s. 4d. IBBS & TILLET, 19, Hanover Sq., W.

ROSING. AEOLIAN HALL. TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at 3. PLEBISCITE PROGRAMME. At the Piano—MANLIO DI VEROLI. Tickets, 12s., 5s. 9d., and 3s. L. G. SHARPE, 61, Regent Street, W. 5,564 Gerrard.

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¶ Essays in the Realm of Unconventional Thought. By AN OFFICER OF THE GRAND FLEET. 2s. net; postage 2d. ¶ The author suggests that by a revolution in thought and ideas the human race can enter the fourth dimension at its wish. He also claims that this is the meaning of Christ's message that the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. ¶ Written (with the simple directness of a sailor) during the war, while serving on a battleship in the North Sea.

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GENERAL SIR H. S. RAWLINSON, Bart., G.C.V.O. &c., will preside at the afternoon Meeting, and MAJOR-GENERAL G. P. T. FEILDING, C.B. &c. (G.O.C. London District) at the evening Meeting, supported by a number of Bishops and other Clergy and Laymen.

Tickets for numbered and reserved seats for either Meeting can be obtained on early application to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Church Army Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1., who will also most gratefully receive gifts towards the great expense of the Society's very extensive work, for announcement at the Meetings, cheques being crossed "Barclays', a/c Church Army."

A large attendance of friends and supporters is earnestly invited.

On WEDNESDAY evening, 30th April, at 8 o'clock: ANNUAL SERVICE in St. Paul's Cathedral; preacher, THE BISHOP OF SHEFFIELD. Tickets can be had on application as above.

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MOTOR NOTES

There is a right and a wrong way of doing most things, and it behoves the motorist to be sure that he follows the former method in regard to engine starting. A little carelessness or want of knowledge in this direction may easily result in a broken wrist. The great precaution to remember is that the starting handle should never be pushed downwards against compression when the ignition is advanced. It must be so engaged on its dog-clutch that the engine compression is felt as one pulls it upwards. Quite a lot of motorists commit the fault of grasping the starting handle incorrectly. It should always be remembered in this connection that the thumb must be *under* the handle, as the fingers would naturally be. Should a backfire then occur as one is pulling the handle upwards it will merely unbend the fingers and release itself. If, however, the thumb were grasping the lever from the top side it would be seriously strained; while, if one were pushing the handle downward with such a grip the wrist would probably be broken or strained.

A backfire in attempting to start the engine is caused by the ignition being too far advanced. In handling a car with which one is not familiar it is highly important to see that the spark lever is well retarded before one turns the starting crank. Should the engine fail to start when pulled smartly over compression, the ignition may be advanced, a little at a time, until a start is secured. One soon ascertains the best setting of the spark lever for starting particular cars, but it is always wise to err on the side of too much retard when swinging a strange engine. In those cars which have a battery and coil ignition system this precaution is even more desirable than with a magneto, as a very severe backfire may result with a fully charged battery should one have the spark lever too advanced.

Difficult starting may result from a variety of

causes. The mixture may be too rich or too weak, in which case it will be necessary to increase or diminish the gas or air supply as required. This matter is generally simplified on cars by the fact that there is only one carburetter lever, when it becomes desirable to acquaint oneself with its most favourable starting position under various conditions. Another cause of difficult starting may be an air leak at the induction pipe, carburetter, or valve-cap joints. This allows too much air to be drawn into the cylinder on the induction stroke, and the mixture is thus weakened irrespective of the setting of the carburetter levers. Sooting up of the plugs may also prevent a normal start, and one sometimes finds on removing them that an excess of lubricating oil has caused the spark-gap to become completely bridged across by carbon deposit. The spark points must then be scraped clean or washed with petrol. A valve sticking in its guide will sometimes occasion fruitless handle turning, although with multi-cylinder engines this would usually manifest itself by explosions in the silencer or a blow-back into the carburetter after a start has been secured on the efficient cylinders. Incidentally we would remind the uninitiated that a carburetter blow-back may be caused by pre-ignition. As this may result in the carburetter catching fire, the motorist should take steps to eliminate the fault as soon as he hears the suspicious "pop" that generally indicates trouble in this direction.

Discussing topical matters at the R.A.C. the other day, we were advised that many overseas motoring organisations were in communication with the Club regarding the feasibility of their members bringing cars to England for touring purposes. Estimating by these indications, a big influx of motoring visitors may be anticipated immediately there is shipping available to bring their cars over. Probably by that time petrol restrictions will have dissolved, and this will facilitate matters.

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Re-construction.

IT is far easier to talk about re-construction than it is to reconstruct, nevertheless, the transition from War-work to the more peaceful occupation of building passenger cars, is being made in our works with the least possible delay or interruption, and in a short time the Lanchester New "Forty" will make its appearance. The announcements regarding this new model have aroused a great deal of interest, and the interest is growing in volume daily. This new "Forty" is *distinctly new*—a real post-war car. It is designed on lines which constitute a drastic departure from the design of previous Lanchester cars, and whilst our aim has been to produce a beautiful and comfortable car, conforming in outward appearance more nearly to the public ideal, the well-known Lanchester reliability and efficiency are maintained.

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Presiding on the 16th inst. at the twenty-third ordinary general meeting of this company, the Right Hon. Viscount Furness said that they met that day under happier auspices than they did twelve months ago. Our nation and our Allies had come victoriously through the greatest conflict the world had ever known, and this fact should not only give us, nationally and individually, greater prestige in the commercial and industrial world, but should also be an incentive to all in this country to uphold the traditions handed down to us which had been more than emphasised by the sacrifices made by our soldiers and sailors. The year's working had resulted in a profit of £110,911, which was an increase over the previous year's figures of £19,366. After adding the amount brought forward from last year of £8,785—making a total of £119,697—and deducting therefrom depreciation on buildings, plant and machinery, etc., and the preferential dividend of 8 per cent. on the preference shares to December 31st, 1918, there remained a balance of £85,918. This sum the directors recommended should be appropriated in the following manner—namely, to pay a dividend on the ordinary shares of 8 per cent. per annum for the year ended December 31st, 1918, less income-tax £1,760; to pay a final dividend on the preference shares of 1s. 4d. per share, less income tax, £20,000; to pay a final dividend on the ordinary shares of 10 10-11d. per share, less income tax, £20,000; to place to the credit of the reserve account £10,000, leaving to carry forward to next year's accounts and to pay excess profits duty £34,158. The amount placed to reserve would increase this account to £75,000. Turning to the balance sheet, the shareholders would notice that the position was equally gratifying showing, as it did, substantial liquid assets, whilst they would also observe that the fixed assets had been increased by the sum of £12,829. The company's establishments were still under Government control, the building berths being occupied with standard vessels ordered by the Shipping Controller, nine of which vessels they had still to complete, and as they had orders from private owners to follow, they could look into the future with every confidence—that was, provided no further labour difficulties arose. The various alterations and additions to the plant and machinery at the company's shipyards were now fast nearing completion, and they expected to have the electric and pneumatic installations running shortly. It might interest the shareholders to learn that the company had constructed forty-four vessels during the war, in addition to carrying out repairs to a large number of steamers. The chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts and the declaration of the dividends as recommended.

Mr. Clarence C. Hatry seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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THE CITY

Although business men throughout the country have been demanding release from all forms of Government control, they are by no means unanimously grateful for the removal of artificial support of the quotation of sterling in dollars. So far the "unpegging" of the New York exchange has not resulted in the heavy decline that was anticipated. Some experts declare that the pound sterling will come down to a value of only \$4 in New York, but at the present rate for cable transfers £1,000 is worth \$4,657, which compares with \$4,765 when the rate was "pegged" by Government support, and with the pre-war value of about \$4,850.

The effect of the lower rate is that it costs a London merchant more to buy goods or credit in New York than it did two months ago, and the lower the rate goes the higher will be the cost. Conversely it costs a New York merchant less to buy goods from this country. The unpegging of the exchange should therefore check the flow of imports from America into this country and encourage the movement of exports from this country to America. In other words, it should help to stimulate home production. This was the chief reason for the decision to withdraw Government support which was eminently necessary when Great Britain was a compulsory buyer of huge quantities of war munitions and provisions from America, but became theoretically undesirable when Great Britain was no longer obliged to buy on such a huge scale and was able to stop manufacturing munitions and apply its industrial energy to peace production.

On these elemental facts all bankers are agreed, but many of them think that the emancipation of the sterling-dollar exchange was premature for three main reasons: first, Europe is so short of many essentials which America provides that the disadvantage of the lower rate of exchange will not prevent imports; consequently Europe will have to pay more for its essentials and rehabilitation will be a slower process than it would have been if the exchange had remained pegged; second, owing to the attitude of labour and uncertainty as to the course of prices Great Britain is not yet able to increase her production materially and is therefore unable to reap adequate advantage from any American orders for exports; third, steps should have been taken first to strengthen the internal (or home) value of the sovereign before taking any chances with its external value; that is to say, something should have been done first in the direction of deflation of credit and currency at home.

In short, the argument against the unpegging of the exchanges is that other reforms should have been instituted first. So long as we are compelled to buy big stocks of raw and manufactured materials from America we should arrange to do so as cheaply as possible. Also, until we are able to produce a good surplus for export it is useless to encourage a demand for such products. But the balance of argument seems to weigh in Mr. Chamberlain's favour. As regards imports, while we may pay more for absolute necessities, we shall be discouraging purchases of luxuries; and as regards exports the mere encouragement of foreign demand for our own products should help to solve some of the problems of labour and prices which our manufacturers have to solve. The lower value of the pound as measured in dollars is, in effect, a protective tariff for which so many manufacturers are pleading.

Distributions of bonus shares by the capitalisation of reserves, though common enough, are frequently misunderstood by shareholders and are occasionally misrepresented by others who know, or should know, better. Time was when directors of well managed industrial companies took pride in paying a high rate of dividend on a small nominal capital and derived great satisfaction from the contemplation of reserve funds equal to, or exceeding, their nominal capital. They were immensely gratified also if they could boast of hidden reserves consisting perhaps of freeholds, leaseholds or stocks standing in balance-sheets at ridiculously low values. Those days have passed. The penalties of this particular form of financial vanity are becoming too costly.

The directors knew that in point of fact their high dividend rates were earned not only on the nominal capital of the company, but on the accumulated profits of past years which had been placed to reserve, to depreciation or to the balance carried forward; they knew that the actual percentage of profits to actual capital employed was less than the rate of dividend declared; and they are now anxious that others should become aware of these facts. Since the Inland Revenue authorities and the "toiling democracy" have taken a keen interest in the ratio of profits to capital—the former for excess profits tax assessment and the latter with a view to demanding higher wages—it has become desirable to elucidate the whole position.

This can best be effected by stating plainly the amount of capital employed in the business, by calling fit capital instead of disguising it under other names and by declaring dividends on the full amount. For example, a company with a capital of £500,000 and a reserve fund of £500,000, paying 20 per cent., merges the two items under the head of capital, £1,000,000, and pays the same amount of dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. It is merely a book-keeping adjustment carried out by handing the shareholders' reserve fund to them in the form of shares. They are not one penny better off than they were before the alteration took place. The term "bonus" is a misnomer (though it is difficult to find a better).

To hand to a shareholder a certificate representing something which he already owned is not a gift. The result is that instead of one share worth, say, £2, he has two shares worth £1 each. True it is that the market price often advances on the announcement, or in anticipation, of this form of bonus, but that proves how frequently the transaction is misunderstood. When a cycle of poor trade comes and profits are reduced shareholders will recognise more clearly the precise nature of the bonuses that are being so freely distributed now, though they will then be no worse off than if the reserves had not been capitalised.

The Bank Amalgamation Bill confirms and tightens the conditions which have been in force for several months. Joint stock banks may not combine without consent of the Treasury and the Board of Trade and no director shall go on the board of another bank without similar sanction. This raises once more the question of the directorate of the Bank of England, which is controlled by representatives of the accepting and merchant banking houses. If the Bank of England were a representative national institution its board would embrace other mercantile and financial interests including inevitably at least one representative of the joint stock banks which are now a great financial force.

Oil shares continue to outrange all others in popularity and consequently in activity and buoyancy. The rise in many cases has gone beyond the range of reason; prices now discount the future for fully three years ahead. Still brokers are besieged with inquiries from clients as to the best shares to buy for a rise and whether the rise will continue. The reply is that the rise will continue—as long as the inquiring clients keep on buying. There is one sound rule in buying oil shares, namely, buy only the best. It is better to pay a high price for a good stock than a low price for a bad one.

Gold mine directors and shareholders are keenly interested in Mr. Chamberlain's reply in the House of Commons to a question as to the advisability of encouraging gold production within the Empire. Unless something is done to counterbalance the increased cost of production, exchange, freight and insurance the Bank of England, it is said, is not likely to receive much gold from South Africa for some time. Mr. Chamberlain said that there was nothing in Lord Inchcape's Committee's report to suggest that gold producers were not entitled to get the best price available in the most favourable market and he was considering how that could be secured.

The results of recent new issues should be very encouraging to those who have good securities to offer. So far since the relaxation of Treasury restriction every new issue that could be unhesitatingly recommended has been promptly subscribed.

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